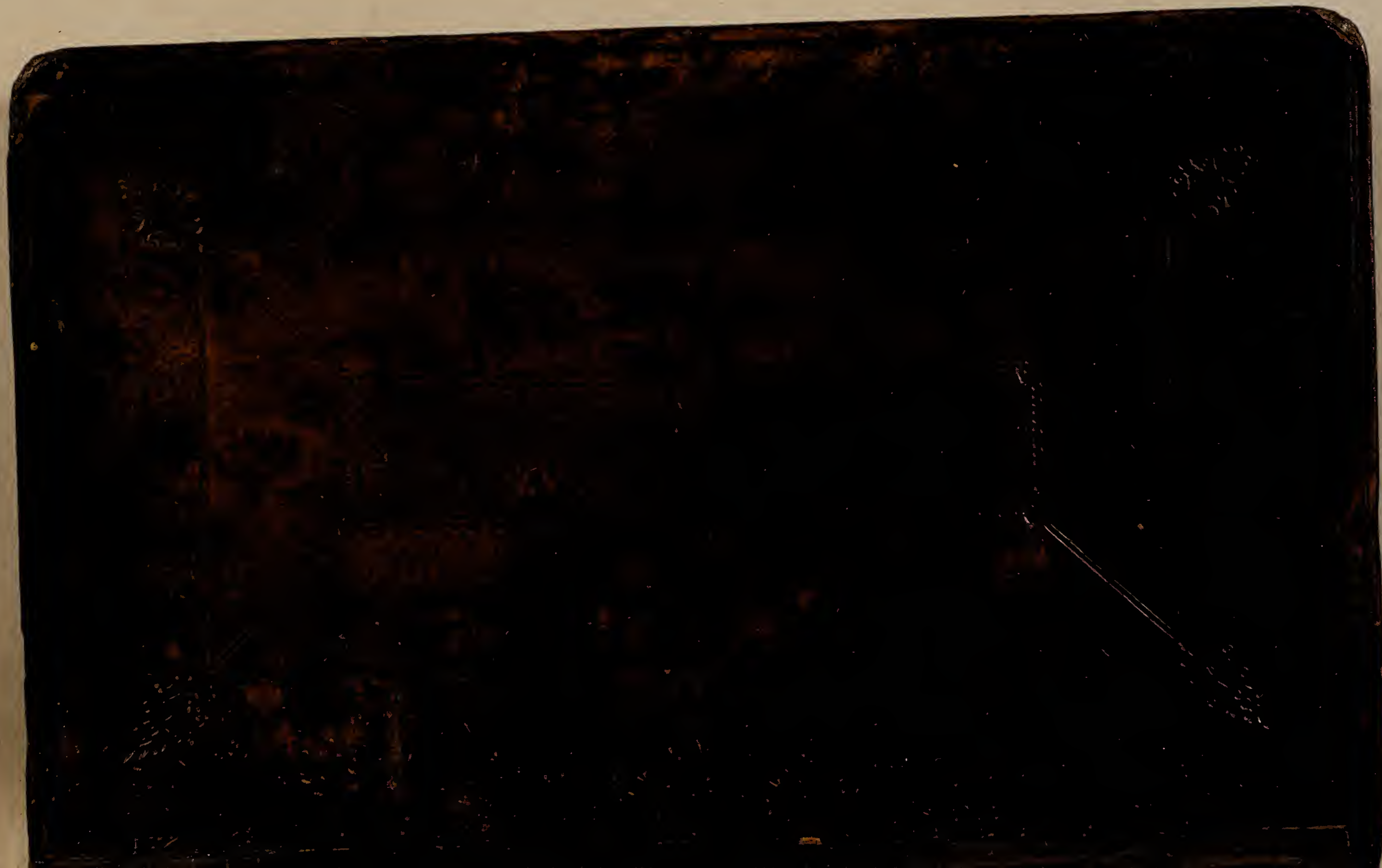


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FONTENELLE's

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD,

In THREE PARTS.

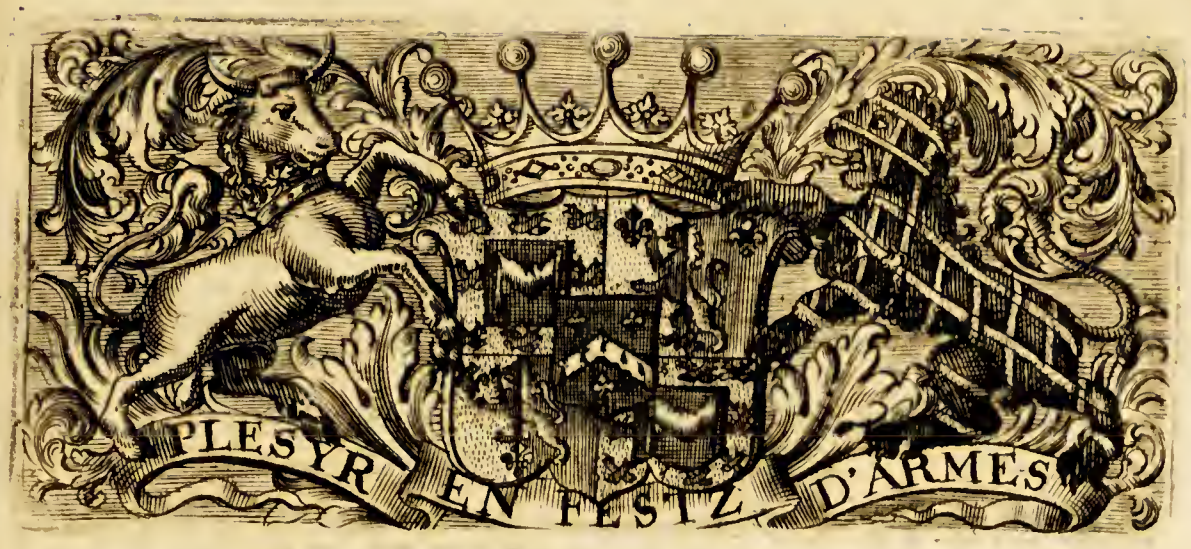
I. Dialogues of the ANTIENTS.
II. The ANTIENTS with the MODERNS.
III. The MODERNS.

Tranſlated from the *French*.

With a Reply to ſome Remarks in a Critique, call'd *The Judgment of* Pluto, *&c.*
And Two Original DIALOGUES.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1708.

RP1273



To the Right Honourable

THOMAS

Earl of Wharton,

Viſcount Winchindon, *and Baron* Wharton *of* Wharton, *Lord Chief Juſtice and Juſtice in* Eyre *of all Her Majeſty's Foreſts, Parks and Chaces, on the South-ſide* Trent, *and one of the Lords of Her Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.*

My Lord,

THE greateſt Mark of Reſpect we can ſhew to an ingenious Stranger, upon his Arrival here, is to introduce him

to Persons in the first Esteem, for their Quality, Judgment, and genteel Learning among us: 'Tis with this Regard I do Monsieur *Fontenelle*, and my self, the Honour to present him to Your Lordship, who are not unacquainted with the Recommendations he brings from his Native Country, and are so entire a Lover of Your own, as not to be displeas'd to see him in a *British* Habit, tho' perhaps it is not put on with the best Grace. I had, indeed, no other way to repair the Beauty which my Unskilfulness may have taken from him, but by adding to him the Orna-

Ornament of ſo Illuſtrious a Patron.

And I appeal to all the World who know my Author's Character, whether I cou'd have made a more proper Application. His Wit, his Learning, his Knowledge of Mankind, his exquiſite Taſte in all that is Polite, the Fire of his Imagination, the uncommon Felicity of his Eloquence, and the ready Turn of his Expreſſion, are Reaſons which the Publick will think very natural to direct me in this Addreſs to Your Lordſhip. And ſince my particular Obligations have made it a Duty, I cou'd not omit

any Opportunity of acknowledging Your Lordſhip's Favours, which are attended with all the Circumſtances proper to leave the moſt grateful Impreſſions.

That Eaſineſs of Acceſs, that ſtedfaſt Thought, vigorous Purſuit, and ſpeedy Execution, which in Your Lordſhip are obſerv'd to be of ſo high a Conſequence to the Publick, ſerve likewiſe to double the private Benefits You are pleas'd to beſtow. It appears wonderful to thoſe who are permitted to put their Affairs under Your Lordſhip's Patronage, that they ſee themſelves even excus'd from

the

the Care of being their own Sollicitors; and certainly 'tis the moſt ennobl'd Humanity of a great Mind, to purſue its own Pleaſures in aſſiſting the Fortunes and Happineſs of others.

But particular Acknowledgments are inconſiderable, in compariſon to the Thanks of a Kingdom, which are due for that Honourable Part Your Lordſhip had in effecting the late *Happy* UNION, by which we are made ſo ſecure at home, and ſo firm in Power, as to give juſt Apprehenſion to thoſe, who have always endeavour'd, by encreaſing our Diviſions, to weaken Us. It

It is owing to the Wiſdom of thoſe Supream Councils in which Your Lordſhip Aſſiſts, that while the War is kept at a Diſtance, we are privileg'd to purſue, undiſturb'd, the agreeable Arts and Refinements of Peace. I hope the little Traffick I have made, in importing theſe Pieces of Entertainment from the Enemy's Country, will be thought a Pleaſure no leſs allowable than that of Drinking their Wines; and if they have the Honour of being approv'd by Your Lordſhip's Taſte, it is the beſt Security I wiſh

for

for their Succeſs, and for the Reputation of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Oblig'd and

moſt Dutiful Servant,

John Hughes.

PREFACE.

THE extraordinary Applauſe which theſe Dialogues have always obtain'd, among the beſt Judges, and the Satisfaction I often had in reading 'em, gave me, long ſince, the Curioſity to enquire if they had ever been Tranſlated; I found they had, and that it was their particular Misfortune, ſoon after they had made their Reputation in *France*, to have it ſpoil'd, as much as it cou'd be, by the very worſt of Copiers here; who ſo inſufferably degraded 'em, both in the Senſe and Style, by falſe Conſtructions and bad *Engliſh*, that, among the many Admirers of Monſieur *Fontenelle*, 'tis ſtrange no body has ſooner reſcu'd him from ſuch ill Hands, and vindicated both his Credit, and that of our Language. If I have fail'd in the Attempt, yet I have given Opportunity enough to thoſe who,

who, if they pleas'd, might have ſucceeded better, for moſt of this has been done above ſix Years; by which the Reader may judge, that I have not been very haſty in expoſing it. I wiſh thoſe Gentlemen who have now thought it worth appearing, wou'd have corrected its Faults, or cou'd as eaſily cover 'em from others, as they ſeem willing to excuſe 'em themſelves.

But when I conſider what the greater Part of Tranſlations are, I ſhall not wonder if this meet with a common Share of Favour; the World is ſo good-natur'd as to receive ſome kindly, with very little Reaſon. 'Tis well indeed we do not always enquire into our Pleaſures, unleſs we were ſure not to loſe 'em. And whoever dares attack vulgar Opinion, may venture to ſay, it has not happen'd ill to the Reputation of one of our moſt fam'd Tranſlators of Proſe, and Maſters of the *Engliſh* Language, that his Copies have but ſeldom been examin'd with their Originals.

I know a great many look on Tranſlating as the eaſieſt thing in the World, eſpecially from Modern Languages; but with-

without troubling the Reader with what I think the Rules of a good Tranſlation, I will only deſire him to diſtinguiſh between Writings of meer Story or Memoirs, and Pieces of Wit, and to allow that there is ſomething at leaſt of Art in imitating well the latter. There is no great Difficulty in tracing exactly a common Plan of Building, or a Draught of Fortification, which may be done by the Compaſſes and Ruler; but to Copy a Landskip of *Salvator Roſa*, and keep his Colouring, and the Manner and Freedom of his Pencil, demands not only ſome degree of Judgment but of Fancy too.

There is, perhaps, ſomewhat more in this Simile; for a Language may properly be compar'd to Colours, and if the Painter has bad to work with, he can only do his beſt with 'em, the Copy will be unequal, and not by his Fault; and this is the Caſe in many Tranſlations from the Antients: But if his Colours are equally good, and he fail, 'tis thro' Want of Judgment in applying 'em. Now, I muſt own, I love my native Language well enough, to believe that its Colours are at leaſt equal to thoſe of

of any Modern one; tho', in the Style of Gallantry, the courtly *French* be allow'd to have ſome peculiar Felicities, not eaſie to be touch'd in another.

And this has led me into the Character of Monſieur *Fontenelle*, who is a wonderful Maſter of the moſt diſtinguiſhing gallant Manner of any Writer that is known, not excepting a very polite Man of the ſame Nation, who liv'd among us. In all his Writings he chooſes the Style and Air of Converſation, and no where appears with the Formality of an Author; which makes him particularly Entertaining, and is no ſmall part of his Excellence, ſince few are ſo reaſonable as to content themſelves with being inſtructed, if they are not pleas'd. 'Tis a Secret almoſt wholly his own, to ſay the moſt extraordinary things ſo careleſsly, as if he were ſcarce ſenſible he had ſaid any thing uncommon. He has a Wit which gives to every Subject the moſt agreeable and ſurprizing Turns in the World. The Edge of his Satyr is fine; he always preſerves his good Humour; his Mirth has ever ſomething ſolid, and his moſt judicious Reflections are mix'd with Pleaſantry.

'Tis this free and pleaſant Genius, that, in his *Plurality of Worlds*, taught him to deliver, in a genteel Converſation with a Lady, the moſt exalted Notions of the Modern Philoſophy, a Maſter-piece of Wit, and particularly admir'd by Sir *William* * *Temple*, a Gentleman who declar'd himſelf ſo paſſionately fond of the Antients, as to have but few Commendations to ſpare for any Modern, either of his own Nation or any other. But tho' in thoſe Diſcourſes *Fontenelle* has admirably beautify'd the Diſcoveries and Reaſonings he borrow'd from others, yet it muſt be obſerv'd, that in his Dialogues the Materials are more his own.

As for the Deſign of 'em, he ſufficiently explains it in his Letter to *Lucian*. He took the Project, as he owns, from that celebrated *Greek* Wit, to whoſe Reputation he pays a grateful Honour. But how modeſtly ſoever he thought it decent to ſpeak of himſelf, it may be here ſaid by another, to do him Juſtice, that he has refin'd upon his Predeceſſor.

Lucian

---

* *Eſſay on Ancient and Modern Learning.*

Lucian laughs too loud, is often licentious, and ſometimes courſe in his Raillery: He has not thought it ſufficient to make his Dead reaſon, but they ſcold too, and are ready to fight in the Preſence of *Jupiter* himſelf. Thus *Hercules*, for Inſtance, and *Eſculapius* are diſputing the upper Place at the Banquet of the Gods. *Hercules* calls *Eſculapius* pitiful Quack; t'other returns the Civility with ſuch ſmart Language, that the brawny Hector, in a Fury, threatens his Brother Demi-God to fling him, for a foul-mouth'd Villain, out of Heav'n, and daſh his Brains out, in ſpight of his Immortality. To prevent which, *Jupiter* commands 'em to be quiet, or he'll turn 'em both from Table, and asks a Queſtion which *Lucian* himſelf ought to have conſider'd, *viz.* Whether this be decent, or like a Banquet of the Gods?

Before I conclude this Preface, I wou'd willingly defend my Author from ſome of the Cavils of a Critique of his own Nation, in a Piece call'd *Jugement de Pluton*, &c. which has been more read than perhaps it deſerves, by its having the Fortune to be commonly bound up, in *French*, with the Dialogues. The Author thought it

it prudent to conceal himself; but the Copy was convey'd to *Fontenelle*'s Bookseller, who wou'd not Print it without his Permission, which occasion'd a Letter from him to this Effect.

You inform me of several Critiques writ upon me. I think my self much honour'd by 'em; and if they come to your Hands, and you believe it worth your Cost, print 'em all; for I'll make no use of the Power you give me of suppressing 'em. I ne'er pretended to a faultless Work; and if those Critiques are not abusive, 'tis all I desire.

The genteel Carelessness of this Letter, and the Freedom from Vanity, which appears in the Writer, exemplifies that fine Remark in one of his Dialogues, That *Men of Wit shou'd be superior to their own Talent*. There is a quite contrary Air in the Judgment of *Pluto*; and, in my Opinion, there is not much to be fear'd from the Reflections of a Gentleman who thinks fit to preface 'em with such a Declaration as this: *I wou'd undertake, as lazy as I am, to critique all the Books that are made, and yet have time enough left to be idle still*: And he finds it some-

a thing

thing hard to give a Reaſon why he writ at all——*'Tis not to oppoſe the Succeſs of the Dialogues*——*'Tis not to ſhew there are Faults*——*'Tis not to inſinuate that he cou'd mend 'em*——What is it then?——Why, he can't very well tell——'Twas Monſieur, his Patron, oblig'd him to write, and 'twas to do a Favour to the Author of the Dialogues, who, it ſeems, had been rudely handl'd in a frivolous Manuſcript, ſo that upon this Account 'twas thought proper and civil to write ſomething or other, that ſhou'd be *more Severe, but leſs Abuſive.* Yet whether this Gentleman does not, in many Inſtances, deſerve to be rank'd among thoſe harmleſs Criticks, *qui ne critiquent Rien*, to uſe his own Expreſſion, and who are like People that talk a great deal, yet ſay nothing, let the Reader judge by ſome of his Remarks which I ſhall mention, for 'tis not worth while to take notice of 'em all.

I muſt firſt obſerve that his Critique is an arrant Romance, and begins, as they all do, with a Surprize, and a Deſcription. *The Dead are in the utmoſt Confuſion. All forſake their different Quarters. Hero's and Whores are mingl'd together, Princes*

Princes and Philoſophers, and without any Diſtinction of Quality or Precedence; which you'll ſay is ſtrange among the Dead, and who ſo fit as a *French* Critick to adjuſt it? *Pluto*, therefore, to be reveng'd of the Book that occaſion'd this Diſorder, holds a *Quorum* with his two Brother Judges to try the Dialogues, and tho' he is own'd to be no nice Diſcerner in the Matter before him, he ſummons all Parties concern'd to bring in their Complaints.

I ſuppoſe this Author's Caſe was ſomething like that of a Poet I have heard of, who writ a Play for the ſake of a good Story, and a ſmart Jeſt he had got to put in it. Why all this Pomp elſe and Embelliſhment, this Garniſh of Fable and Epiſode, about a few Critical Remarks? It gives him, indeed, an Occaſion to exerciſe his Wit, but makes him a very looſe Reaſoner; ſo that a Turn of Fancy often ſupplies the Want of an Argument, according to the commodious manner of moſt Criticks, who do not always condeſcend to make good their Objections, but think it enough that they have ſtarted 'em.

Cato is first introduc'd demanding Justice; his Death is somewhat severely examin'd in the Dialogue between *Adrian* and *Margaret* of *Austria*, the Subject of which is to enquire what Deaths are the most Philosophical, and *Cato*'s Behaviour, and *Adrian*'s are compar'd and censur'd for being both faulty in the two Extreams; so that 'tis not very material to know, whether *Cato* or *Adrian* better acted the Philosopher, if they were both in the wrong, and there is no ground for his Remark, that Cato *and* Adrian *are made to exchange their Characters:* Nor for that fooliſh Queſtion, *Whether in order to make a decent* Exit, *a Hero muſt make Verſes, or a Maid bewail her Virginity?* This is wide of the Moral, and he might as well ask whether 'twou'd be Heroick for a Man to Dance upon the Scaffold, where he is to be broke upon the Wheel, which the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* ſays a Footman did in *France*, and mentions that as an Inſtance of ſome who have appear'd to deſpiſe Death.

But there is another Queſtion more material, *Where is the Reſpect due to Antiquity*,

tiquity, and why muſt its Hero's be degraded? This hangs much in his Head, and he often repeats it afterwards; therefore, once for all, what ſignifies Reſpect to Antiquity, when we wou'd diſcover Truth? Is *Cato*'s Death the more commendable in it ſelf, becauſe it has had the Applauſe of the Majority for ſeventeen hundred Years, and is it impoſſible that the Majority ſhou'd be (as they often are) in the wrong? 'Twou'd be more proper to enquire what the Few of better Senſe think of *Cato*'s Death, for ſuch will not acquit him, becauſe 'twas long ago, or becauſe the Action has been greatly told, if it cannot be found agreeable to Reaſon—And if that had govern'd *Cato*, he certainly had not kill'd himſelf, but had ſubdu'd his ſurly Temper, and accepted *Cæſar*'s Pardon, tho' it had ſpoil'd a fine Story for the Tragedians.

To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I cannot ſee any ill Conſequence in degrading ſuch a Death, or ſtripping it of its falſe Bravery; for, what is there in the Example that is uſeful? Theſe *Roman* Strains were only the Effect of a Baſtard Virtue; not the Fortitude of a Hero, but the Cowardiſe of an uneaſie Spirit that cou'd bear Life no

longer, when attended with Diſappointment; or the Raſhneſs and Paſſion of a Gameſter, that throws up the Cards when he ought to play out the Game. And, indeed, of all voluntary Deaths, tho' none certainly are juſtifiable, I ſhou'd rather prefer that of *Pomponius Atticus*, a *Roman* Gentleman, whoſe Character, tho' extreamly valuable, has not been ſo noted as many of more publick Action, and who, upon the Principles of a Philoſopher, appears to have acted with much more Serenity than *Cato*. He was near Fourſcore when he was ſiez'd with a Diſtemper, which encreaſing for three Months grew extreamly painful: He had treated it with variety of Medicines, but finding 'twas in vain, he ſent for two or three of his Friends, and, as *Cornelius Nepos*, who was acquainted with him, relates, he ſpoke to 'em in this manner, "You are my Witneſſes that I have done "what is poſſible for a Man to do to re-"cover his Health; therefore having given "you, I hope, Satisfaction, it remains, "that I tell you, I will nouriſh my Diſtem-"per no longer; and I conjure you not "to endeavour to diſſuade me from my "fix'd Reſolution, which is to take no "more Food, ſince 'tis but to protract my

"Life

" Life in Pain, without the Probability of " a Cure.—— He ſpoke this, the Hiſtorian ſays, with ſuch a firm Voice, as if he were not quitting Life, but only paſſing out of one Houſe into another. His Son-in-Law *Agrippa* kiſs'd him, and with Tears begg'd him to alter his Purpoſe; he gave him no Anſwer, but perſiſting in what he had decreed, in about five Days put an end to a Life, which was become burthenſom to himſelf, and uncapable of further Uſefulneſs to his Friends.

But this degrading the Hero's of Antiquity is, it ſeems, a Crime which runs thro' our Author's whole Book, and where's the Wonder? ſince the very End of Writing it was to unmaſque Characters, to diſrobe counterfeit Virtue, and attack common Opinion and Prepoſſeſſions. The Critick's Zeal for *Cato* made him try that Cauſe firſt; but he has not overlook'd the Affront, which in the Beginning is offer'd to *Alexander* the Great: The Author of the Dialogues, ſays he, *has learn'd from his Maſter* Lucian *not to reſpect what the World commonly reſpects*. A heavy Charge! for *Lucian* had attack'd *Alexander* before,

and it is thought barbarous that *Fontenelle* ſhou'd bring him into Play again, and, which is worſe, make a Lady of Pleaſure read him Lectures *of the Art of War*.

Now I will own he's a great Diſcoverer that can learn by that Dialogue how to form a Siege, or make the Diſpoſition of an Army, or ſhew that *Phrine*, as he affirms, *underſtands War as if ſhe had been bred in the Camp*. 'Tis underſtood then in three or four Words; for all ſhe ſays of it is, *That his Officers and Soldiers, and Fortune it ſelf, had a Share in his Conqueſts, and that if he had only ſubdu'd* Greece, *and a few Iſlands, or part of* Aſia, *he had ne'er been nois'd about for ſo mighty a Conqueror*. But *Phrine inſults* Alexander, *and pretends to regulate the number of his Conqueſts*, and this is thought unnatural. As if it were ſtrange to imagine, that a Lady of her Character ſhou'd be brisk at Repartée; and, for the counſelling Part, if the Author had given her more Politicks than he has, ſhe wou'd not be the only Miſs of Quality that has preſcrib'd Meaſures to a Monarch, with the Name of GREAT; and therefore for his Remark *that* Phrine

ſhou'd

ſhou'd not meddle beyond her own Trade, let him try if he can make it paſs in a Whiſper at the Chambers of *Verſailles*, or the *Louvre*.

In Truth there is not one Word in that Dialogue relating to War as an Art, but only to the extravagant Conduct of a Man that diſturb'd the whole Earth in Purſuit of a falſe Glory; the *Decorum* therefore is exact, and the Moral admirable, and the rather, becauſe it comes from the Pen of one who has the Misfortune to live under a Prince that exactly copies *Alexander*'s Ambition, without either his Courage or his Clemency.

And it may be proper to ask this Adorer of Antiquity, whether he has never ſeen what one of the graveſt of the Antients, who is no Banterer like *Lucian*, has ſaid of *Alexander*; and whether the *Fœlix Prædo* in the *Pharſalia*, is not a ſeverer Stroke than any Modern has given him? The Character is warmly writ in *Lucan*'s Tenth Book, where having mention'd the Vault at *Alexandria*, in which the Kings of *Egypt* were bury'd, he ſays,

Illic

Illic Pellæi Proles vesana Philippi
Fœlix Prædo jacet, terrarum vindice Fato
Raptus, &c.

Philip's *mad Son, the prosp'rous Robber, bound*
In Fate's eternal Chains, here sleeps profound,
Whom Death forbad his Rapines to pursue,
And in the World's Revenge the mighty Monster slew.

The whole Passage is admirable, in which he runs over in a short Sketch the History of that Prince; but I must not take up so much of my Reader's time, as to insert it here.

The next Cause that comes on is *Aristotle's*, who is instructed by his Learned Council to say, that *the Dialogues have done him as much Wrong as they have done his Scholar* Alexander. He complains, that he is topp'd *by an old Debauchée*; yet owns his chief Grievance is, *not so much that* Anacreon *gets the Victory, as that he himself is not allow'd to talk his Share, and to dispute a little.* Does not this look as if the Critick had taken a Fee on t'other side, to make mer-

ry

ry with his Client? For, what cou'd any one ſay more to the Purpoſe, to expoſe the Pride of a Philoſopher who regards *not Truth, but Contention?* And *Pluto* afterwards gives Sentence, *That* Ariſtotle *ought to anſwer his Antagoniſt, and that a little Song ſhou'd not weigh as much as many bulky Folio's.*

I ſhou'd think that any Reader, who did not wear the Spectacles of a Critick, which are curiouſly made to diſcern Faults that are not, and to hide real Beauties, wou'd preſently perceive that the Satire is the more ſevere in making a Pleaſuriſt moralize to a Philoſopher; and that the Author's Deſign was, not to recommend *Anacreon*, (unleſs for the Eaſineſs of his Temper) but to reprehend *Ariſtotle* for his Pride and Avarice. And if any thing more is to be wiſh'd for in that Dialogue, it is only, that, to make the Moral yet more compleat, *Anacreon* had been reminded in his Turn, that a *Wiſe* Man is to moderate his Appetite to Pleaſure too, as well as his Ambition of Greatneſs and Riches.

Homer is another of the Antients that appeals for Juſtice; his Complaint is that in

in the Dialogue with *Æsop* he is made *to speak ill of himself*, which, he says, is *treating him worse than he was treated by* Lucian. And he makes, on the Occasion, a sounding Harrangue to *Pluto* about *the infinite number of his Adorers*, and about *his Name, which in* Lucian's *time had been establish'd above a thousand Years, and has now an Antiquity of near three thousand*—— So that he intends to prove, I suppose, by undoubted Chronology, that *Fontenelle*'s Affront of him is almost three times as great as *Lucian*'s: And yet, after all, there is no Affront offer'd him.

For, that in which he is said to speak against himself, is only *his disowning the Mysteries in his Works*. The Critick therefore supposes there are Mysteries, or else *Homer* suffers no Wrong by disowning 'em. And thus he has brought himself in for a Share in the Ridicule of that Dialogue, which was intended, not against *Homer*, but against the Absurdity of some of his Pedant Expositors, who happen'd, I know not how, to dream, that the Secrets of every Art, and Science, and Invention whatever, were couch'd in the Writings of this great Poet. And possibly they might, with the same Force of

Imagi-

Imagination, after long looking on ſome venerable old Ruin, come to ſee plainly *Homer*'s Picture in it, or *Achilles* in his Boots, and all the Battels of the *Trojan* War.

But the Quarrel does not end here; 'tis taken up again upon the reading of the Dialogue between *Helen* and *Fulvia*, and *Homer* immediately in a Rage cries out——*What always upon me! Is the Publick to be diverted at no bodies Coſt but mine?*——*Is this the way to be a Wit?*—— And ſo he goes raving on, 'till poor *Fulvia*, to make him Satisfaction, is forc'd to diſavow what ſhe ſaid in the Dialogue.

Now let the Reader judge who has moſt abus'd *Homer*, my Author, or the Critick, who paints him with the Jealouſie of a Madman that is perpetually crying Murder, when no body offers to hurt him. For *Fontenelle* rallies only the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, not the Poet who has writ of 'em. He propoſes to ſhew what ſlender and ridiculous Springs often produce the greateſt Events in the World: Hiſtory affords many Inſtances of this; the Story of *Octavius* and *Anthony* is one.

one. And ſince 'tis undoubted that the Story of *Troy* too, which *Homer* has ſo finely amplify'd, had its Foundation in Truth, let the Critick help us, if he can, to a more compleat Syſtem of human Follies, than to imagine Treaties, Councils, Debates, Battels, Sieges, and the Blood and Treaſure of ſeveral Nations conſum'd for ten Years together, in the important Quarrel of a Cuckold and a Whore.

I muſt not omit to mention one more of the Antients, who is made to arraign the Dialogues, with as little Reaſon as *Homer*, and that is *Virgil*. In the Introduction to the *Georgicks* he has made *Auguſtus* a God, and offer'd him to chooſe his Province in Heaven, which *Fontenelle* thinks ſomewhat Extraordinary, and poſſibly it may with more Reaſon appear ſo to us rude Iſlanders, who have not been accuſtom'd to the Mode of Stile, which is ſo familiar of late in *French* Panegyricks.

The Critick obſerves, that *Julius Cæſar* had been deify'd before, and he might have mention'd *Romulus*, the firſt Inſtance of that kind of Folly which began

gan early among the *Romans*, tho' it was a Complement very unprofitable to him, being made after his Death to ſerve a Turn of State. It is true, therefore, that *Virgil* might plead Precedents in the Caſe; but after all, this Gentleman miſtakes the principal Deſign of the Dialogue in which 'tis mention'd, and hunts, as he often does, upon a wrong Scent. 'Tis that between *Auguſtus* and *Aretin*, the Buſineſs of which is to enquire what ſort of Praiſes are the moſt valuable, and the Reflections which *Fontenelle* has put into the Mouth of *Aretin*, who was call'd *The Scourge of Princes*, are not intended to burleſque the *Georgicks*, but to tax the Vanity of the Emperor, and, indeed, of all Princes who ſuffer themſelves to be complemented into Divinity, which is, and ever will be, an Affront to the common Senſe of Mankind, tho' Flattery and Superſtition had made an *Apotheoſis* ever ſo cuſtomary.

There is certainly much more *Decorum* in the Praiſe beſtow'd by the ſame Poet on *Cato*, in the Deſcription of *Æneas*'s Shield, on which *Vulcan* Prophetically figures the *Roman* Hiſtory, and the *Elyſian* Fields,

Secre-

Secretoſq; pios, & his dantem jura
Catonem.

The Band Select of Pious Souls he draws,
And Cato's *happy Shade to theſe pre-*
ſcribing Laws.

This, indeed, is admirable; and becauſe *Fontenelle* allows it to be ſo, the Critick thinks he has catch'd him at a Contradiction, and makes *Cato* in his new-faſhion Novel cry out——*Then I was no ſuch Poltron as cou'd neither live nor die with a Grace! Let me have my Character fix'd, and tell me what I muſt paſs for.*—But he might have ſpar'd his Speech, unleſs he can ſhew, that my Author, by mentioning this Paſſage, eſtabliſhes the Merit of *Cato*'s Behaviour in killing himſelf, which he has elſewhere cenſur'd. Inſtead of that, 'tis plain he only commends the Poet for the Addreſs and Generoſity of that Complement, becauſe *Cato* was dead, and cou'd not acknowledge the Favour.

I thought my ſelf oblig'd particularly to conſider theſe Complaints, in which the Honour of the Antients is, by this Gentleman,

tleman repreſented to be ſo much concern'd. As for his minute Raillery upon Sentences and Words, his raiſing Objections, and then debating 'em 'till they are loſt, or reduc'd to ſomething not worth examining, (as if he had writ by the Page, and reſolv'd to fill up a certain number) I will only ſay, that the Idea which *Fontenelle* form'd of his Dead was, that they ought not to be great Talkers; but the Critick, reſolving to oppoſe him in every thing, ſeems to have deſign'd, that his *Judgment of* PLUTO ſhou'd exactly repreſent a Trial among the Living, in which there are many Impertinencies and much Miſ-Repreſentation, and every Witneſs is heard at large what he has to ſay, tho' more than half of it be nothing to the Purpoſe.

Therefore I paſs over a great many of his fine frivolous Amplifications, in which he ſeems wonderfully delighted with the Fertility of his own Wit, and wou'd be glad to know what the Novel-Writer (which, I think, is moſt properly his Name) means by that notable Epiſode of *Petrarch*'s coming before *Pluto*, and complaining, *That his* Laura *is ſpoil'd, that ſhe is turn'd a Reaſoner, and that when*

he wou'd have ſaid ſome Gallant Things to her, ſhe ſet her ſelf to argue with him—— I can make nothing of it, but only, that if this *Gallant* Writer had appointed her Part in the Dialogues, ſhe ſhou'd have ſcorn'd muſty Morals, and appear'd only in a languiſhing *Tête à Tête* with her Lover. He finds it dangerous, even among the Dead, *That Women ſhou'd be great Reaſoners, for fear of the Conſequences*, and he will not allow the Miſtreſs of *Petrarch to make Reflections*, leſt his own, I ſuppoſe, ſhou'd get the Secret.

The ſame ſolid Objection is made againſt *Anne* of *Britany*, and *Mary* of *England*, who are accus'd for *Speculations and Sentences*, and for *ſaying nothing that is common*. Now to this Charge let my Author anſwer for himſelf, who ſays he has made all his Dead moralize, becauſe * *'twou'd not elſe have been worth while to make 'em ſpeak, for the Living might ſuffice to ſay things of no Uſe.* But the Critick wiſely knowing himſelf to be a Party concern'd in this Reflection,

* *Letter to* Lucian.

reſolv'd

resolv'd not to pass by the Affront, and has therefore drawn up a Letter of Complaint from the Living to the Dead, and sends it in all haste by the God *Mercury*; who, tho' he had always been *Jupiter*'s Messenger, and sometimes his Pimp, yet never was employ'd to run of Errands for simple Mortals before: The Contents are, to acquaint the Inhabitants of Darkness, that the Living have seriously examin'd the matter, and are positive *there is nothing in the Dialogues which exceeds their Capacity, and that 'tis not necessary to be dead, in order to say things as rational and as full of Morality as are there said.* To which sage Remonstrance *Pluto* gives his Assent, and, indeed, cou'd do no less, since 'tis certain, that the Author of the Dialogues himself was *alive* when he writ 'em.

But tho' the Novelist wou'd not allow of Female Reasoners, because he apprehends it dangerous, yet methinks he might allow so considerable an Emperor as *Charles* V. to mention *the Fibres of the Brain* in a Conversation with *Erasmus*, and yet not suspect him of too much Learning or Judgment in Anatomy, nor of Pedantry in the Expression, which was

the only proper one to the Occaſion. Perhaps I muſt not venture to ſay as much for *Berenice*, who is thought *to have ſtudy'd too much*, becauſe ſhe uſes the Word *Grammatical*, and talks of Diſputes about the changing a few Letters in a Name. So eaſie a thing it is to be Learned, according to our Critick's Account, that one very common Term of Anatomy can turn an Emperor into a Doctor, and a ſingle Word make a Queen a Grammarian.

And, no doubt, if Queen *Elizabeth*, or *Chriſtina*, had us'd the ſame, it wou'd have offended the Ear of ſo nice a Judge, who, it ſeems, has never heard of Learned Princeſſes; and tho' he cannot tell whether *Berenice* was not really one, yet he thinks the bare Suſpicion ſo indecent, that he will not allow of the leaſt Syllable that may be thought to have a Reliſh of it.

'Tis for a like Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that *Montezuma* is afterwards accus'd for having *too much Knowledge in Hiſtory*; tho' *Fontenelle* does not ſuppoſe him to have brought it from *Mexico*, but makes him ſay *he learn'd it in his Converſations with the Dead*. But what Converſations wou'd thoſe

thoſe be, if the Dead were to be made ſuch Inſipids as *the Judgment of* PLUTO wou'd allow, or how impertinent if they were all Criticks!

And the Reader may judge what fine Morals he might have expected, if the Characters and Diſcourſes in theſe Dialogues had been regulated by the Noveliſt, who is offended becauſe *David Riccio*, a Muſician, does not talk to the Queen of *Scots* in his Quality of *a Miniſter of State*, and with all the *Ambition* he had upon Earth; tho' after its having coſt him his Life, *Fontenelle* thought it time to make him lay it down, and reaſon in a manner ſomewhat more Solid and Inſtructive.

This gives me Occaſion to obſerve, that 'tis every where a principal Beauty of the Dialogues, what this Writer is ſo groſs as to miſtake for a Fault. The Perſons intereſted in 'em are not always made to act that Part of their Character which is the moſt obvious. Death is ſuppos'd to have enlarg'd their Views, corrected their Reaſonings, and ſtripp'd off their Diſguiſes; and 'tis not ſtrange to find *Plato* uſe a much more intelligible Style than

in his Philoſophy; nor is it a Fault that *Raphael* does not *talk of his Profeſſion*, as the Author of this critical Novel wou'd have him. It wou'd, doubtleſs, have been very Ingenious and Diverting, to have put him upon teaching the Arts of Sculpture and Painting among the Dead. But *Fontenelle* thought it might do as well to find him other Buſineſs, and from a known Paſſage in his Hiſtory, to make him expoſe the Imperfection of Human Reaſon, and the fantaſtical Condition of Life, both which make *Prejudices*, in a manner, neceſſary.

It will not be difficult, I believe, for any one who takes this Thought with him, to be at a Loſs, as *Pluto* is, to unravel *the Meaning of that Dialogue*; no body, ſurely, can think it is ſeriouſly to commend Prejudices. For it muſt be conſider'd, 'tis the Genius of Satire, often to ſay things for which there is ſome Occaſion given, and yet which cannot be admitted for abſolute Truths. I will mention another Example, which is that of *Montezuma*—. *It was our Happineſs not to have known there were Sciences, we ſhou'd not elſe, perhaps, have had the Prudence to forbear being Learned.*

Now

Now this is by no means a Satire upon Learning, but upon thoſe, who having ſo boaſted an Advantage, make little or no Uſe of it, and therefore give Occaſion to ſuch a Reflection. I cou'd cite parallel * Inſtances, to juſtifie this, out of a Sacred Book, writ by the wiſeſt of Men, and which is the fineſt Satire upon the Vanity of Human Life, of any that is extant, and yet no body can underſtand all that is there ſaid, unleſs in a qualify'd Senſe.

But there is nothing more eaſie than Criticiſm, if a Man will reſolve to take every thing in a wrong Meaning, and then fall on without Mercy. 'Twas by this Art the Author of PLUTO's *Judgment* found that *Eroſtratus* was made a Hero, and that *Parmeniſcus* talks unintelligibly; both which, and many other of his Cavils, which I have omitted, only accuſe him of a groſs Apprehenſion, and it is very eaſie, but unneceſſary, to refute 'em. I wiſh I cou'd as eaſily excuſe the Freedom my Author has taken in one Dialogue, where I think he has

* *He that encreaſes Knowledge encreaſes Sorrow.*

been much too bold with a Queen of *England*; for which I will leave him to the Mercy of the Criticks and the Ladies. And if the latter ſhou'd be angry with him too, for making Fidelity in their Lovers next to a * Miracle, which ſeems to queſtion their Charms, perhaps Fidelity was never among Monſieur *Fontenelle's* Virtues, as it might have been if he had liv'd in an Iſland where there is the moſt Beauty and Merit to ſupport it.

After all, I do not undertake to defend my Author from any thing that may appear to be really a Fault, in the Opinion of better Judges than the Writer I have been diſputing with. It requir'd, I think, no great Skill or Study to anſwer his *Judgment of* PLUTO; and he muſt forgive me if I end here, as he begun, only with a little Alteration of his Words— *That a Man who is very lazy may criticiſe twenty ſuch Criticks as he, and yet have time enough to be idle ſtill.*

I had almoſt forgot to mention two Dialogues of my own, in which, I'm afraid, there

* *Dialogue of* Callirrhea *and* Paulina, p. 32.

there is more Work for Criticiſm, than in all *Fontenelle*'s together. I endeavour'd, ſeveral Years ago, to write 'em in Imitation of his Manner; and tho' I have now ſuffer'd 'em to be printed, I can make no Apology for 'em, but only, that the ſhorteſt Errors are the moſt likely to be pardon'd, and that is the Reaſon why I added no more.

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TO

TO LUCIAN IN THE *ELIZIAN* Fields.

Illuſtrious Shade,

I Think my ſelf oblig'd, in Juſtice, to pay you ſome ſort of Homage for an Idea I have borrow'd from you. That Author, who has furniſh'd the greateſt Aids to a Book, is certainly the true Hero of the Dedication; His Praiſes we can publiſh with the moſt Sincerity, and 'tis him we ought to chooſe our Patron. Perhaps I ſhall be thought too aſſur'd, for daring to Work after your Plan: But

I shou'd think my self much more so, if I ventur'd upon one of my own. I have some Reason now to flatter my self, that the Materials, which are mine, will be receiv'd for the sake of the Design, which is yours. And I will venture to say, that if my Dialogues, by chance, shou'd find some small Success, they wou'd do you more Honour than even your own have done; since it wou'd appear, that this Idea is in it self so beautiful, that it does not need to be skilfully executed. For my own particular, I have had such a firm Dependance upon it, that I have believ'd a Part of it sufficient for me. I have therefore laid aside Pluto, Charon, Cerberus, *and whatever else belongs to the* Inferi. *But how concern'd am I to think that you have exhausted all those fine Subjects of the Equality among the Dead, of their Regret of Life, of the false Constancy which Philosophers affect to shew in Death, of the ridiculous Destiny of those young People who die before old Men, whom they made Court to, and*

thought

thought themſelves ſure to inherit. Yet, the Deſign being wholly yours, 'twas but reaſonable, I confeſs, you ſhou'd make the beſt of your own Invention, and chooſe that which was the moſt beautiful in it.

I have endeavour'd, at leaſt, to imitate you in the End you propos'd. As all your Dialogues include their Moral, ſo all my Dead moralize; 'twou'd not elſe have been worth while to make 'em ſpeak, for the Living might have ſuffic'd to ſay Things of no Uſe. There's this Conveniency too, that it may be ſuppos'd the Dead are People of deep Reflection, as well from their Experience as their Leiſure; and it ought to be believ'd, for their Honour, that they think ſomewhat more than is uſual in Life. They reaſon on things above, better than we, becauſe they regard 'em with much more Indifference and Tranquility, and they are inclin'd to reaſon on 'em, becauſe they ſtill pretend to ſome remaining In-

tereſt in 'em. You have made the greateſt part of their Dialogues ſo ſhort, that it appears you did not take 'em for great Talkers, and I have readily fallen in with your Opinion. For the Dead, not wanting Senſe, muſt preſently ſee to the End of things. I found no Difficulty likewiſe to imagine, that they might be inlighten'd enough to agree upon every thing with one another, and conſequently not to wrangle, or but very rarely. For I fancy Diſputing belongs only to Us Ignorants, who do not diſcover the Truth; as 'tis a Misfortune incident only to the Blind, who can't ſee the Point they are making towards, to fall out and juſtle in the Road. But we cannot, here above, conceive how the Dead ſhou'd have chang'd their Characters ſo far as no longer to have any oppoſite Sentiments: For when we have once in the World conceiv'd an Opinion of People, we know not how to part with it. Thus then I have apply'd my ſelf to bring the Dead into Knowledge again, at leaſt thoſe who are of much Note. You

made

made no difficulty to ſuppoſe ſome, and poſſibly ſome of the Adventures too which you attribute to'em; but I thought I had no Occaſion for this Privilege; Hiſtory furniſh'd me with real Perſons, and real Adventures enough, to excuſe me from borrowing any Supplies from Fiction.

Now, that the Dead ſhou'd ſpeak of Events much later than their own Time, will be no Surprize to you, who ſee'em every Day diſcourſing on Affairs with one another. I dare be confident, that even at this moment, you are perfectly acquainted with France *by an Infinity of Reports, and that you know ſhe is at preſent the ſame in Learning which* Greece *was formerly. Above all, your famous Tranſlator* *, *who has ſo admirably taught you to ſpeak our Language, will not fail to tell you, that* Paris *has had the ſame*

Taſte

---

† The Sieur *D'Ablancourt.*

Taſte for your Works with Rome *and* Athens. *Happy he who cou'd copy your Stile like this great Man, and be Maſter of that refin'd Simplicity in his Expreſſion, and that eaſie and genteel Humour, which are ſo proper for Dialogue. For my own Part, I am far from pretending to the Glory of having imitated you well; I only aſpire to that of having well known 'twas impoſſible to imitate a more excellent Model.*

F O N-

FONTENELLE's

DIALOGUES

OF THE

D E A D.

AND

ANTIENT.

FONTENELLE's DIALOGUES OF THE D E A D.

DIALOGUE I.

Alexander the Great, and *Phrine.*

PHRINE.

ASK any of the *Thebans* that liv'd in my Time, if I did not offer to rebuild, at my own proper Charge, the Walls of *Thebes* which you had deſtroy'd, on Condition only that they wou'd ſet this Inſcription upon 'em? —— Alexander *the Great demoliſh'd theſe Walls, but* Phrine *the Courtiſan reſtor'd 'em.*

Alex. It ſeems you were in a mighty Concern, leſt Poſterity ſhou'd not know what Trade you follow'd.

Phri. Let my Trade anſwer for it ſelf, I excell'd in it; and great Perſons (you know) of all Profeſſions, have the Folly of Monuments and Inſcriptions.

Alex. It's true, *Rhodope* had before you; ſhe made ſo fine a Market of her Beauty, as to be able to build one of the famous *Ægyptian* Piramids ſtanding to this Hour. I remember ſhe was talking of it t'other Day to ſome *French* Miſſes, who pretended to have been as lovely as the beſt; but the poor Devils cry'd heartily, to think that in their Age and Country the Fair cou'd raiſe no ſuch Piramid-Fortunes.

Phri. But I had the Advantage of *Rhodope*; for, in rebuilding the Walls of *Thebes*, I put my ſelf in Parallel with you, who were the greateſt Conqueror in the World, and I made it appear that my Beauty cou'd repair the Ruins that were made by your Valour.

Alex. Was ever ſuch a Compariſon heard of before! Well, and you are mightily ſatisfy'd then that you had ſo many Gallants?

Phri. And you are mightily ſatisfy'd that you made a Deſart of the beſt Part of the Earth? How finely you had been ſerv'd, if

if every City you deſtroy'd had found a *Phrine* to rebuild it! Not a Mark of your Fury had been left.

Alex. Were I to live again, I ſhou'd be the ſame great Conqueror I was.

Phri. And I the ſame * little Conqueror. Beauty has a natural Right to govern Mankind, Valour has no more than it gains by Force. The Charms of fine Women are found in all Countries, ſo are not Kings nor Conquerors: But to convince you more, your Father *Philip* you'll own was Valiant enough, and ſo were you, I think, with a Vengeance; yet, with all your Fierceneſs, you cou'd neither of you frighten *Demoſthenes* the Orator, who did nothing but rail, and make Speeches againſt you both as long as he liv'd. But there was another *Phrine* (for mine, let me tell you, is a lucky Name) who had loſt a Cauſe of great Conſequence, if her Council, having exhauſted his Eloquence for her in vain, had not whiſper'd her in the Ear to ſlip aſide her Vail: She did ſo, and upon the Sight of ſuch ſurprizing Beauty the Court, who were juſt giving Sentence againſt her, immediately chang'd their Minds. Thus you ſee that the Noiſe of your Conqueſts, for ſeveral Years together, cou'd

* *In the laſt* French *Edition 'tis* lovely Conqueror; *the Reader may take which he likes.*

not ſtop the Mouth of one declaiming Orator, and yet the Charms of a pretty Woman, in an Inſtant, cou'd corrupt the Severity of the whole *Areopagus*.

Alex. Well, make the moſt of that Name-ſake of yours that you have call'd to your Aſſiſtance, yet I'm miſtaken if the Part of *Alexander* is like to prove the weaker. 'Twou'd be very hard if———

Phri. I know what you're going to ſay now——*Greece*, *Aſia*, *Perſia*, the *Indies*, all theſe make a fine Show. But then let me only take from you what you have no Right to, and diſtribute fairly to your Officers, your common Soldiers, and to Fortune her ſelf, their proper Shares of the Glory, and d'ye think this won't take you down a little, and make you ſomething more ſlender? Now a handſome Woman owes her Conqueſts entirely to her ſelf, and no Body comes in for a Share with her. Oh! 'tis the fineſt thing in the World to be a fine Woman!

Alex. Yes—you gave ſufficient Proofs that you thought ſo: But pray does a fine Woman come up to your Exceſſes?

Phri. Look ye, I make a Conſcience of lying, and therefore I ſay—No; and to be very ſincere with you, I own I overſtretch'd the Character of a fine Woman, but ſo did you that of a great Man, and

ſo

ſo let's ſhake Hands. You and I made too many Conqueſts; if I had been engag'd in no more than two or three Intrigues, this had been modeſt, and no Body cou'd have found Fault; but how ſhou'd Modeſty get Mony enough to build City Walls? And then as to your Part, had you only conquer'd *Greece*, and half a Dozen little Iſlands, or perhaps a ſmall Spot in the leſſer *Aſia*, why—there had been Reaſon and Conſcience in this. But to run raving up and down, and not know whither; to fight and take Towns, and not know why; and to be always in a Hurry of Action about no Body knows what: 'Tis this has offended the Men of ſober Senſe.

Alex. Let the Men of ſober Senſe ſay what they pleaſe; I'm ſure, if I had been ſo ſober in the uſe of my Valour and Fortune, I had ne'er been half ſo much talk'd of.

Phri. Nor I, if I had made ſuch ſober uſe of my Beauty. For, in ſhort, when one only deſigns to make a Noiſe in the World, 'tis not found that the moſt reaſonable Characters are the moſt proper for the Purpoſe.

DIALOGUE II.

Milo *of* Crotona, *and* Smindirides.

SMINDIRIDES.

THOU art ſtrangely proud, *Milo*, of having carry'd an Ox on thy Shoulders at the *Olympique* Games.

Milo. Why, by *Jove*, 'twas an extraordinary Performance; all *Greece* applauded it, and the Eccho of my Fame reach'd as far as my own native Town *Crotona*; which, let me tell you, has ſent out a vaſt Number of the ſtouteſt Wreſtlers. On the contrary, thy *Sibaris* will be a Proverb to Eternity, for the infamous Effeminacy of its Inhabitants, who baniſh'd all the Cocks in the Town for fear of being wak'd by their Crowing; and us'd to invite their Gueſts to Dinner a Year before-hand, that they might have leiſure enough to contrive what Dainties they ſhou'd have.

Smin. All Stuff and Banter! — Why you lubberly Clown! had not you the Senſe to know, that to huff and vapour upon your carrying an Ox, was but to boaſt your ſelf like the Beaſt you carry'd?

Milo.

Milo. And pray what were you like? Not a Man, I'm ſure, when you complain'd you had paſs'd a whole Night without a Wink, becauſe one of the Roſe-leaves your Bed was ſtrew'd with lay folded in two under you!

Smin. I own it, I had that Niceneſs you ſpeak of; but why doſt thou think it ſo ſtrange?

Milo. Why who the Devil can think otherwiſe?

Smin. What, have you never ſeen a Lover that having courted his Miſtreſs with very particular Services, has afterward, in the full Poſſeſſion of her Favours, daſh'd his Joy with this Scruple, That 'twas Gratitude more than Inclination prevail'd in the Fair One's Heart?

Milo. No, never —— but what then?

Smin. And did you ne'er hear of a Conqueror, who, after ſome glorious Expedition, has been diſſatisfy'd with his Triumph, to think that Fortune had a greater ſhare in it than, perhaps, either his Courage or Conduct, and that his Succeſs was owing to fooliſh Deſigns and miſtaken Meaſures?

Milo. Never in my Life —— but, once again, what d'ye argue from this?

Smin. Why that this Lover and Conqueror aforeſaid, and indeed almoſt all Men in general, tho' ſtretch'd on Couches

of

of Flowers, can't ſleep a Wink, if but one of the Leaves happen to be folded. The ſlighteſt things in the World can deſtroy our Pleaſures; they are Beds of Roſes, in which 'tis almoſt impoſſible to have all the Leaves ſmooth, but ſome of neceſſity will be doubl'd, and one ſuch is enough to make us very uneaſie.

Milo. Well, for my part I own my ſelf no Doctor in theſe Matters; but, in my plain Opinion, you, and your Lover and Conqueror, may go together for three Loggerheads. What d'ye make your ſelves ſuch nice Fops for?

Smin. Why prithee, doſt think People of Wit are ſuch Bull-hided Curs as thou? I tell thee, no; they are all *Sibarites* ſofter than my ſelf.

Milo. Yes, now I perceive the Policy of the Buſineſs. Your Wits have more Pleaſures than they have occaſion for, and ſo they let their Niceneſs retrench 'em, and pare off the ſuperfluous ones. For this Reaſon they wou'd be ſenſible of the leaſt Diſagreements, and no doubt they are very wiſe Folks.

Smin. No ſuch Matter, in Troth! your Wits have not more Pleaſures than they have occaſion for.

Milo. Then, in Troth, your Wits are downright Fools, to trouble their Heads about ſuch Niceties.

Smin.

Smin. Why there's the Miſchief on't now! Delicacy becomes a Man very well; 'tis a Diſpoſition ariſing from the beſt Qualities of the Head and Heart. We are pleas'd to find that we have it; and, if we have it not, we are willing to acquire it. But, in the mean time, this Delicacy leſſens the Number of our Pleaſures, which in Truth we are not overſtock'd with, and makes our Senſation of 'em leſs ſprightly, whereas of themſelves they are ſcarce ſprightly enough. What a wretched Thing is Man? His natural Condition affords him but little that's agreeable, and his Reaſon teaches him to taſte it yet leſs.

DIALOGUE III.

Dido *and* Stratonice.

DIDO.

AH, my *Stratonice*! how unhappy am I? You know how I liv'd: I maintain'd ſo religious a Fidelity to my firſt Husband, that I burn'd my ſelf alive to avoid marrying a ſecond; and yet I have not been ſecure from Slander. A certain Poet, nam'd *Virgil*, has been pleas'd to tranſ-

transform me from a grave discreet Person into an arrant Coquet, that lets her self run mad for the handsome Mien of a Stranger the very first Day she sees him. All my History's turn'd topsie-turvy: Indeed he has had the Charity to leave me my Pile of Wood to burn my self. But what d'ye think throws me upon it? Not the Fear of a second Marriage, I'll promise you; but Despair, because my new Guest is going to leave me

Strat. In earnest this may prove of very dangerous Consequence. What Woman hereafter will have the Grace to broil her self out of conjugal Fidelity, if after her Death a Poet shall have the Liberty to tell what Tales of her he pleases? But your *Virgil* perhaps was not so much to blame; he discover'd, for ought I know, some Intrigue of your Life, which you hop'd wou'd have remain'd secret. Who can tell? for my part you must excuse me, if I wou'd not be bound to answer for you upon the Credit of your Wood Pile.—

Dido. If the Intrigue *Virgil* has put upon me had any Resemblance of Truth, 'twou'd not vex me. But he has giv'n me one *Æneas* for my Lover, a Fellow that was rotten three hundred Years before I came into the World.

Strat.

Strat. Ay, now you ſay ſomething. However, your *Æneas* and you ſeem to have been cut out for one another: Both of you were forc'd to fly your Country; both of you ſought your Fortune in ſtrange Lands: He was a Widower, and you a Widow; d'ye ſee how Matters chime? It's true you were born about ſome three hundred Years after him; but that's nothing; *Virgil* had ſuch Reaſon to make it a Match, that he was reſolv'd three hundred Years diſtance ſhou'd break no Squares.

Dido. That's nothing, quoth a! What? are not three hundred Years, full three hundred Years? yet two Perſons, it ſeems, can meet and be ſweet upon one another in ſpight of this Obſtacle!

Strat. Oh 'tis there *Virgil* has ſhewn his Cunning. He was doubtleſs a Man that knew the World, and deſign'd to ſet forth, that in the Buſineſs of Intrigues Appearance is no Rule to judge by, and that thoſe that appear leaſt, are often the moſt true.

Dido. 'Tis very well, and I muſt be ſcandaliz'd (with a Curſe to him) to weave into his Works this fine Myſtery!

Strat. Why ſo haſty? Has he buffoon'd you? or made you talk like a Fool?

Dido. Nay, far enough from that; it's the fineſt Part of his Poem, where I make

my

my Appearance: He has repeated it to me here below. 'Tis all divine, except the Scandal; I'm very handſome, and upon my ſuppos'd Paſſion I ſay the fineſt things in the World. So that if he had repreſented me there a Woman of Reputation, the *Æneis* had not been half ſo beautiful.

Strat. Then, in ſhort, you're mad, to complain. He has given you an Intrigue you knew nothing of——a vile Affront! but in Requital he has given you a Beauty and a Wit, that perhaps you cou'd ne'er pretend to.

Dido. A fine Conſolation!

Strat. I don't know indeed your Complexion; but, for the Generality of Women, I'll anſwer for't, they had rather have their Virtue ſuffer a little, than either their Wit or Beauty: And, for my ſelf, I own I was of that Humour too. A Painter, in the Court of the King of *Syria* my Husband, had a ſecret Grudge againſt me, and in Revenge painted me in the Embraces of a common Soldier; he expos'd the Piece to View, and immediately took his Heels. My Subjects, full of Indignation and Zeal for my Honour, would have burn'd the Picture; but, becauſe the Rogue had drawn me admirably well, and with a World of Beauty, tho' in a Poſture by no means

means advantageous to my Virtue, I wou'd not let it be burnt, but call'd the Painter back, and pardon'd him: And ſo ſhou'd you *Virgil*, if you'd be rul'd by me.

Dido. 'Twou'd be a hopeful World truly, if the higheſt Merit in a Woman were to be handſome, or a Wit.

Strat. I'll not meddle with the Controverſie about the higheſt Merit: But I'm ſure, in common Converſation, the firſt Queſtion People ask about a Woman that's a Stranger to 'em is this——*Is ſhe handſome?*——The ſecond——*Has ſhe Wit?*——And it's very rare to have 'em ask you a third.

DIALOGUE IV.

Anacreon *and* Ariſtotle.

ARISTOTLE.

I Cou'd never have imagin'd that a little Scribbler of Sonnets wou'd have dar'd to rank himſelf with a Philoſopher of my great Reputation.

Anacr. You make a very lofty Sound with that Word Philoſopher methinks; yet your humble Servant, with his little Sonnets,

Sonnets, made a ſhift to get the Name of the Wiſe *Anacreon:* A Title which, I think, takes place of Philoſopher.

Ariſt. Thoſe that gave you that Title then had no Regard to what they ſaid: Pray what have you ever done to merit it?

Anacr. Who, I?——Nothing but drink and be merry, ſing Songs, and make Love; and here's the Wonder, that at this Price I purchas'd the Name of Wiſe, whereas it coſt you a world of Pains to get only that of a Philoſopher: For, how many whole Nights have you ſate up, beating your Brains, and winnowing dry Diſtinctions and crabbed Queſtions of Logick? How many huge unwieldy Volumes have you compos'd upon dark Notions, that perhaps you your ſelf ne'er underſtood with all your poring?

Ariſt. I confeſs you took a very commodious Way to reach to Wiſdom; one muſt doubtleſs be mighty ingenious, to know how to acquire more Glory with a Fiddle and a Bottle, than the greateſt Men have acquir'd with their Watching and Study.

Anacr. What, you're upon the rallying Pin? But I'll maintain it, that 'tis harder to drink and ſing as I did, than to philoſophize as you did; to be able to drink and ſing like me, one muſt firſt have diſengag'd ones Soul from all violent Paſſions,

and

and learn'd to aſpire no more after what is not in our Power; to be diſpos'd always to ſeize the Hours as they fly to us, and lay 'em out upon Pleaſure; in fine, a thouſand little things are firſt to be ſet in Order, and tho' there's no occaſion for much Logick in the Buſineſs, yet it will coſt you ſome Pains to bring it handſomly about. But a Man may Philoſophize as you did, upon more reaſonable Terms: For there's no Neceſſity of his curbing Ambition, or forſwearing Avarice; no, the Gates of *Alexander*'s Palace are open to him, where he finds a very comfortable Subſiſtence. Then comes a ſmall Preſent of ſome five hundred thouſand Crowns, which he's not Fool enough to lay out wholly upon Natural Experiments, according to the Deſign of the Donor. And this ſort of Philoſophy, I take it, leads to things as oppoſite to Philoſophy as can be.

Ariſt. Sure you have kept ill Company here below, that have given you a very ſcandalous Account of me. But when all's done, I ſay a Man's no Man but by the Advantage of his Reaſon, and nothing's more noble than to inform others how to uſe it in the Study of Nature, and how to unriddle all the Difficulties ſhe propoſes to us.

Anacr. To see how Men pervert every thing from its proper Use! Philosophy her self, no doubt, is an admirable thing, and may be of the greatest Service to 'em: But because her Company wou'd be troublesome if she thrust her self into their Affairs, and staid at home with 'em to discipline their Passions, therefore they have dispatch'd her away into the Heavens to range the Planets, and calculate their Motions; or else they have led her a Dance round the Earth, to make her examine all they see upon it; in short, they have always found her Employment far enough from themselves: And thus having a Mind to be Philosophers at a small Expence, they have very cunningly stretch'd the Name, and bestow it commonly upon such who only search into Natural Causes.

Arist. And what Name more proper for 'em?

Anacr. The Business of Philosophy is only with Man, and not with the rest of the Universe: The Astronomer's Thoughts are taken up with the Stars; the Naturalist's with Nature; and the Philosopher's with himself. But who wou'd be a Philosopher on such hard Terms? Very few, Heav'n knows: Why then you must have a Dispensation; Philosophers are to be excus'd

cus'd from being Philoſophers, and 'tis enough if they are Aſtronomers or Naturaliſts. For my ſelf, I was never of a Humour to trouble my Head with nice Speculations; but I'll be bold to ſay, that there is not half ſo much Philoſophy in a Multitude of Books that pretend to treat of it, as in ſome of my Songs that appear ſo contemptible to you; as this, for Example:

If Gold cou'd waſted Life reſtore,
I'd hoord in Cheſts the precious Ore;
And when grim Death approach'd, I'd ſay,
Here take thy Fee, and go away!
But ſince the Fates are too ſevere,
What's Gold to me?——Love, Wine, good Cheer,
Are better far than uſeleſs Treaſure:
I'll change my ſordid Cares for Pleaſure.

Ariſt. If you are reſolv'd then to call that only Philoſophy which regards the Manners, I have ſeveral things among my Moral Writings which yet are much beyond your Song: For in ſhort, the Obſcurity I'm charg'd withal, which perhaps may be found in ſome of my Books, is not in the leaſt to be obſerv'd in what I have written upon that Subject; and the whole World has own'd, that never any

thing was finer, or more clear, than what I have ſaid of the Paſſions.

Anacr. What a Cheat is that now? The Queſtion is not turn'd upon defining the Paſſions methodically, as you are ſaid to have done, but upon getting the Maſtery over 'em. Men are willing Philoſophy ſhou'd read 'em Lectures upon their evil Habits, but not cure 'em, and they have found the Secret of framing to themſelves a Syſtem of Morals that comes no more within Reach of their Paſſions, than Aſtronomy does. What Mortal can hold from ſhaking his Sides, to ſee mercenary Rogues that for Mony will declaim againſt Riches, and Cowards at Daggers-drawing about the Definition of Courage?

DIA-

DIALOGUE V.

Homer *and* Æſop.

HOMER.

IN good earneſt, all the Fables you have been repeating to me, can never be enough admir'd. It requir'd a World of Art, to diſguiſe as you have done, in ſuch little Tales, the moſt important Truths of Morality, and to couch your Thoughts under Images ſo very juſt, and yet ſo familiar.

Æſop. It makes me not a little proud to be prais'd for this Art, by one, who was himſelf ſo great a Maſter of it.

Homer. Who I? why I never pretended to it.

Æſop. What! did you never pretend to imply great Myſteries in your Works?

Homer. Alas, not I.

Æſop. Why I'm ſure all the Vertuoſo's of my time ſaid you did: And there was not a Line in the *Iliads* nor the *Odyſſes*, but they fitted it with the quainteſt Allegories in the World. They maintain'd that there was no Secret in Divinity, natural and moral Philoſophy, and the Mathematicks to boot, but was fairly imply'd

in your Writings. Some Difficulty indeed there was in unravelling 'em; and it may be where one Sophiſter had found a moral Meaning, another diſcover'd a natural one: But they agreed in this, that you knew all things, and ſaid all things, to thoſe of an enlighten'd Underſtanding.

Homer. Without lying, I always ſuſpected ſome People wou'd ſpy out Myſteries in my Works, that I never apprehended my ſelf. For as there is nothing like propheſying boldly of things a great way off, and truſting to the Event, ſo there's no way like uttering Fables without Deſign, and leaving the Allegory to be made hereafter.

Æſop. Sure you had a great deal of Courage to entruſt your Readers with the weighty Care of fitting Allegories to your Poems. What a Caſe you had been in, if they had all taken 'em in the Letter.

Homer. Why, if they had, the Damage had been but ſmall.

Æſop. How! Pray what do you ſay for the Brawls of your Deities, that maim one another. Your thund'ring *Jupiter*, that in a full Convocation of the Gods threatens the auguſt *Juno* to curry her into better Manners; and that ſame Bully *Mars*, who when he was wounded by *Diomede*, roar'd out (as you ſay) full as loud

loud as nine or ten thouſand Men, yet ſhew'd not the Courage of one: For inſtead of hewing all the *Greeks* into Shivers, his Head's taken up about his Wound, and making his *Miſereres* to *Jupiter*. D'ye think all this cou'd have paſs'd Muſter, without an Allegory.

Homer. Why, not I pray? You're poſſeſs'd with a Fancy, that the human Mind ſearches only for Truth. Undeceive your ſelf, I beſeech you, I tell you the Mind of Man and Falſhood have a wondrous Sympathy. If you have a Truth to deliver, wrap it up in Fables, and it takes much better. And if you have a Mind to be telling Stories, you may divert extreamly, without a Syllable of Truth, expreſs'd or imply'd. Thus, you ſee, Truth is forc'd to borrow the Habit of Falſhood, that it may find an agreeable Reception in the Mind of Man; but Falſhood enters boldly in its own proper Perſon, becauſe 'tis the Place of its Nativity, and its uſual Abode, whereas Truth's but a Stranger there. I'll tell you more—ſuppoſe I had crack'd my Brains with inventing Allegorical Fables, the greateſt part of my Readers wou'd perhaps have chop'd upon the Fable, and run away with it, without looking any further than the literal Senſe, and ſo left my Allegory in the lurch. And I muſt tell you

too, that in effect my Deities, such as they are, and all Mysteries apart, have not been thought so ridiculous neither.

Æsop. Bless me! why you make me sweat; I'm in a terrible Fear all of a sudden lest People shou'd take me at my Word, and believe that the Beasts talk'd as they are represented in my Fables.

Homer. A pleasant Fear that!

Æsop. Why, if it agrees with their Faith, to think the Gods might hold such Discourses as you have represented of 'em; what Reason is there they shou'd not believe too, that Beasts may talk together, in the manner I made 'em talk?

Homer. Alas! the Case is quite different. Men it seems are well enough pleas'd that their Gods shou'd be as great Fools as themselves; but by no means that the Beasts shou'd be thought as wise.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Athenais *and* Icasia.

ICASIA.

SINCE you have a Curiosity to know that Adventure of mine, I'll tell you. The Emperor, in whose Reign I liv'd, had an Inclination to marry; and that he might the better make Choice of an Empress to his Mind, he issu'd out his Proclamation, that all who thought themselves furnish'd with Beauty and Merit enough to pretend to a Throne, shou'd meet at *Constantinople*. God knows what infinite Crouds there were! I had the Vanity to go among the rest, in Confidence that the Charms of my Youth and of my Eyes, which were very sparkling, together with an Air agreeable and engaging enough, wou'd give me at least a fair Chance for the Empire. Well——Election-Day was come, and when all the beautiful Candidates were assembl'd, every one was busie in examining the Faces of all the rest, with Spight enough you may be sure. And for my part it flatter'd my Pride extreamly, to observe what sour ill-favour'd Glances I had from my Rivals. The Emperor appear'd,

pear'd, and paſs'd by ſeveral Rows of *Belles* without ſpeaking a Word: But when he came to me, my Eyes plaid their Parts, and ſtopp'd his Progreſs. Then regarding me with an Air as languiſhing as I cou'd wiſh, *In Truth*, ſays he, *Women are dangerous Creatures, and can do a World of Miſchief.* Now Courage, thought I, and a little Repartee, and the Day's my own; ſo amidſt the Confuſion of Hope and Joy that I was in, I made a ſhift to reply—*Sir, as dangerous as Women are, they can make Reparation for that Miſchief, and have ſometimes done a World of Good.* This Anſwer of mine ruin'd all, for the Emperor thought it ſo witty that he durſt as well be hang'd as venture upon me.

Athen. That Emperor was certainly very fantaſtical to be ſo ſcar'd at a little Wit, and an Innocent into the Bargain, to think your Anſwer diſcover'd much—for, if I may be ſo free with you, there was nothing in't, and you need not let your Wit lye heavy upon your Conſcience.

Ica. Yet theſe are the croſs Purpoſes of Fortune. Your Wit alone made you an Empreſs, the bare Suſpicion of Wit hinder'd me from being one: You were a Philoſopher too, which is ten times worſe; yet nothing of this cou'd ſpoil your Match with the younger *Theodoſius*.

Athen.

Athen. I ſhou'd have been in a panick Fear tho', if I had had ſuch an Example as yours before my Eyes. My Father (I thank him) after he had accompliſh'd me in Wit and Learning, diſinherited me, and told me I had a very fair Fortune in my Hands, and need not doubt of Preferment, and to ſay Truth I thought ſo too. But I'm convinc'd now that I run the greateſt Riſque in the World, and that 'twas a hundred to one I had been left with nothing but my Philoſophy to keep me.

Ica. To ſee now how one is puzzl'd in following Examples; 'twou'd be a very good Jeſt, if upon ſuch an Occaſion as mine, ſome other Perſons, who have read my Story, and are willing to edifie by it, ſhou'd very cunningly conceal their Wit, and be laugh'd at for Fools.

Athen. I wou'd not lay Wagers of their Succeſs, if they play'd the Fool with Deſign; tho' it often happens, when we don't think on't, that we commit the luckieſt Follies in the World. Did you never hear of the Painter that drew Grapes ſo much to the Life that the Birds came and peck'd at 'em? Imagine how he was admir'd for't. But it ſeems there was a Boy drawn too carrying the Grapes; and one made this ſhrewd Remark to the Painter, that indeed the Fruit muſt needs be very well, becauſe

it

it drew the Birds to it; but the Boy was done as ill, that cou'd not fright 'em away. 'Twas true enough; and yet if the Painter had not loſt himſelf as he did when he drew the Boy, the Grapes had never had that prodigious Succeſs.

Ica. In ſhort, tho' all are oblig'd to be doing ſomething in the World, yet we find no Body knows what they are about. And the Painter's Example is enough to fill us with Scruples, even in Affairs in which we have conducted our ſelves ever ſo well, and to make us doubt whether ſome Fault that we have ſhunn'd might not better have been committed. So uncertain is every thing, and it looks as if Fortune took Pains to give contrary Events to the ſame thing, to make her ſelf Sport with the Reaſon of Mankind, which has no certain Rule for its Direction.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VII.

Eroſtratus *and* Demetrius Phalereus.

EROSTRATUS.

THREE hundred and ſixty Statues erected in *Athens* to your Honour! ——'Tis very much.

Demetr. I got the Government into my Hands, and after that 'twas no difficult matter, you may believe, to make the People compliment me with Statues.

Eroſt. And you were tranſported, I warrant, to think you had thus multiply'd your ſelf three hundred and ſixty times, and that you met with nothing but your dear ſelf throughout a whole City?

Demetr. I own it: But alas! 'twas a Joy of a very ſhort Duration; the Face of Affairs ſoon alter'd, and in a Day's time not one of my Statues was left ſtanding: They were all beaten down, and broke to Pieces.

Eroſt. A terrible Reverſe of Fortune! And pray who perform'd this noble Exploit?

Demetr. 'Twas *Demetrius Poliorcetes*, (a Shame take him!) the Son of *Antigonus*.

Eroſt.

Eroſt. Wou'd to Heav'n I had been in his Place. I'll ſwear 'twas infinite Pleaſure to deſtroy ſuch a vaſt Number of Statues made for one Man.

Demetr. Such a brutal Wiſh becomes none but him that fir'd the Temple at *Epheſus*—I ſee you preſerve your old Character.

Eroſt. I have been upbraided ſufficiently with my burning that Temple; all *Greece* made a Noiſe about it: But 'tis a ſad thing, in earneſt, that Men ſhou'd be ſo beſide their Senſes.

Demetr. You had beſt complain of the Injuſtice they have done you in deteſting ſo brave an Action, and of the Rigour of that Law by which the *Epheſians* forbad any Body to mention the very Name of *Eroſtratus*.

Eroſt. Hold there——I have no Reaſon at all to complain of that. The *Epheſians* were a Company of dull honeſt Wretches, that had not the Brains to foreſee that to forbid the Pronouncing of a Name, was the certain Way to make it immortal. But what ground was there for this Law? I had an extravagant Deſire, forſooth, to be talk'd of, and ſo I fir'd their Temple; well, and what then?——They ought to have drawn up an Addreſs of Thanks to me, that my Ambition coſt 'em no more;

they

they cou'd not have come off cheaper; another in my Place wou'd have pull'd ye their City about their Ears, and deſtroy'd State and all.

Demetr. To hear you, a Man wou'd ſwear you had a Right to lay about you like a Fury, and ſpare nothing in your Way, that might make you be talk'd of. And that all the Miſchiefs you forbore ought to be reckon'd as ſo many Acts of Grace, and Inſtances of your Generoſity.

Eroſt. Why, I'll make it as plain as can be that I had a Right to burn the Temple of *Epheſus*. Pray what d'ye think 'twas built for, with ſo much Art and Magnificence? Was it not the Deſign of the Architect to perpetuate his Name?

Demetr. Very likely.

Eroſt. Well —— and 'twas to perpetuate my Name that I reduc'd this fine Structure to Aſhes.

Demetr. A ſolid Argument! And d'ye think then, that for the ſake of your Glory you may lawfully deſtroy the Works of another?

Eroſt. Lawfully?—yes.—Vanity, which had erected this Temple by the Hands of another Man, has been able, you ſee, to ruin it by mine; and Vanity has a natural Right over all human Works whatever. 'Tis ſhe has made 'em all, and can unmake 'em

'em again when ſhe pleaſes. Nor ought the greateſt States to murmur at their being ſubverted by her, if ſhe finds but her Account in't, ſince they can't pretend to any Original independent of Vanity. Suppoſe, for Example, ſome King ſhou'd have a Whim to honour the Funerals of his Horſe by cauſing the Town *Bucephalia* to be ras'd to the Ground; wou'd this be an Injuſtice to it? Not the leaſt, in my Opinion; for the Place had ne'er been built, but to preſerve the Memory of *Bucephalus*, and its very Being is appropriated to the Honour of Horſes.

Demetr. So then, at this rate, there's nothing ſecure; not Men themſelves, for ought I ſee.

Eroſt. True —— Vanity ſports her ſelf with their Lives, as well as with the reſt of the Univerſe; a Father leaves as many Brats as he can get, to keep up his Name; a Conqueror, to perpetuate his, deſtroys as many Men as he is able.

Demetr. I don't wonder to hear *Eroſtratus* muſter up all his Arguments in Defence of Deſtroyers. But when all's ſaid, if to demoliſh the Monuments of another's Glory, be one Way to eſtabliſh our own, I'm ſure 'tis of all Ways the moſt ignoble.

Eroſt. I can't tell that; but let it be as ignoble a Way as 'twill, there's a Neceſſity ſome ſhou'd take it.

Demetr.

Demetr. Neceſſity?

Eroſt. Yes. The Earth is like a huge Table-Book, in which every one is fond of writing his Name. Now when the Book's full, ſome of the Names muſt be rubb'd out, to make Room for New: If all the Monuments of the Antients ſtood to this Day, the World wou'd be quite choak'd up with 'em, and the Moderns wou'd have no Room left for theirs. How cou'd you be ſuch a ſilly Oaf as to flatter your ſelf that your three hundred and ſixty Statues ſhou'd keep their Pedeſtals long? Don't you ſee now, if you have any Conſcience, that your Glory took up too much Place?

Demetr. But what a pitiful Vengeance was that of *Demetrius Poliorcetes!* When once my Statues were up, a Body wou'd think he had e'en as good have let 'em alone.

Eroſt. Right! And before that, had not you e'en as good have let all alone, and never have ſet 'em up? 'Tis theſe Paſſions do and undo every thing, and make all the Buſtle in the World. You'd have nothing done upon Earth, if Reaſon govern'd all. Pilots, they ſay, are moſt afraid of thoſe calm Seas where they can't make Sail, but are deſirous of a Wind, tho' with the Hazard of a Tempeſt. Thus

Paſſions among Men are the Winds that are neceſſary to give all things Motion, tho' at the ſame time they occaſion many a Hurricane.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Callirhea *and* Paulina.

PAULINA.

WELL, for my part, I'm of Opinion that a Woman's in bodily Danger from the firſt Moment ſhe's paſſionately belov'd. What Tricks will not an ardent Lover contrive to compaſs his Ends? I had a long time reſiſted the Importunity of *Mundus*, tho' he was a gallant young *Roman*, and exceeding handſome; but when Prayers and Tears cou'd not prevail, he got the Victory by a Stratagem. I was a mighty Devotee to the God *Anubis*: The Prieſteſs of this God comes and tells me one Day that the Deity was enamour'd with me, and requir'd me to meet him in his Temple. The Miſtreſs of *Anubis!*—— you may judge how proud I was of that Honour; I was punctual to the Aſſignation, and was receiv'd with ſufficient Demonſtrations

monſtrations of Tenderneſs. Now to tell you the Truth, this *Anubis* prov'd to be *Mundus*. But alas, how cou'd I reſiſt? Some Women, they ſay, have granted the Favour to Gods in the Shape of Men, and ſometimes of Beaſts. I'm ſure there's more Reaſon to yield to Men in the Shape of Gods.

Call. Why really the Men have a World of Tricks; I'm ſure I may ſay ſo by Experience, for I had juſt ſuch another put upon me. I was a *Trojan* Laſs, and upon the point of Matrimony, when, according to the Cuſtom of the Place, I went attended with a numerous Train, and trick'd up in all my beſt, to offer my Virginity, forſooth, to the River *Scamander*. As ſoon as I made him the Compliment, out comes *Scamander* from among the Ruſhes, and takes me at my Word. I thought it a mighty Honour, I aſſure you, and ſo did every one beſides, not excepting my dear Spouſe that was to be. All were held in a moſt reſpectful Silence. My Companions ſecretly envy'd my Happineſs, and *Scamander* withdrew into his Ruſhes again when he thought 'twas Time. But how was I ſurpris'd when I met this *Scamander* afterward in a little Village, and came to know that he was an *Athenian* Admiral who had a Squadron of Ships upon that Coaſt!

Paul. What! you thought 'twas *Scamander* himſelf then?

Call. Yes; d'ye queſtion it?

Paul. And was it the Cuſtom, I pray, in your Country for the River to accept the Offers which the Maids that were going to be marry'd made to him?

Call. No; perhaps if it had they wou'd not have been made. The River was modeſtly content with the Civility they expreſs'd for him, and did not abuſe it.

Paul. You ought then to have been very ſuſpicious of your *Scamander*.

Call. Why ſo? Might not a young Virgin imagine that all who went before had not Beauty enough to pleaſe the God? or that they only mock'd him with falſe Offers, which he did not think worth his Notice? 'Tis natural for Women to flatter themſelves. But you that are ſo ſevere upon me for being trick'd by *Scamander*, were your ſelf trick'd by *Anubis*.

Paul. Not ſo much trick'd neither. I had ſome ſmall Suſpicions that *Anubis* might be a ſimple Mortal.

Call. And yet you went to meet him!— Why, this is inexcuſable.

Paul. What wou'd you have? I had heard 'twas affirm'd by all the Wiſe, that if we did not favour our own Deception we ſhou'd taſte very little Pleaſure.

Call.

Call. Very good! Favour our own Deception!——but probably they did not underſtand it in that Senſe. Their Meaning was, that the moſt agreeable Objects in the World are at the Bottom ſo ſlight, that they wou'd ſcarce affect us at all, if we made the leaſt ſerious Reflections on 'em. Pleaſures are not form'd for ſevere Examination, and we are continually forc'd to help 'em out in many things, about which 'twou'd be fooliſh to make our ſelves ſcrupulous. This is what the Wiſe you mention'd———

Paul. And this is what I wou'd ſay too: Had I been ſcrupulous in the Caſe of *Anubis*, I had quickly found he was no God; but I took his Divinity upon Truſt, not caring to examine that matter too curiouſly. And where is the Lover whoſe Paſſion we ſhou'd admit, if it were firſt to paſs the Teſt of our Reaſon?

Call. Mine was not ſo ſtrict; a Lover might have been found, whom my Reaſon wou'd have allow'd me to love; and in ſhort, we can eaſier believe our ſelves courted by a ſincere and faithful Man, than by a God.

Paul. In earneſt 'tis almoſt the ſame. I ſhou'd juſt as ſoon have been perſuaded that *Mundus* was a God, as that he was faithful and conſtant.

Call. Fy! —— there's nothing more extravagant than what you say. If one cou'd believe that Gods may be in Love, yet no Body can think this happens often. But frequent Instances have been known of faithful Lovers who never divided their Hearts, but sacrific'd all to their Mistresses.

Paul. If you take the Lover's Cares, his officious Sacrifices, and entire Preference of his Mistress, for true Marks of Fidelity, then I confess you may find faithful Lovers enough. But this is not my way of reckoning; I strike out of the List all those whose Passion has not been long enough to have had the leisure to extinguish it self, nor happy enough to have had Cause for it; and I retain only those who have held good in spight of Time and in spight of Favours; and they are pretty near the same Number with the Gods that have fallen in Love with Mortals.

Call. Still there must be some Fidelity found, even according to this Notion. For let a Man tell a Woman he's a God captivated by her Merit, she laughs in his Face; let him swear to be faithful, she believes him presently. And what's the Reason for this Difference, but only that there are Examples of the latter, and not one of the former.

Paul.

Paul. As for Examples, I believe the thing is upon a level. But the Reaſon why we yield not to the Deception of taking a Man for a God is, becauſe 'tis not encourag'd by the Heart. A Woman can never be perſuaded that her Lover is a Deity, becauſe ſhe does not deſire he ſhou'd be one; but ſhe wiſhes him faithful, and therefore believes him ſo.

Call. You jeſt ſure; what! all Women, I warrant, wou'd take their Lovers for Gods, if they wiſh'd 'em ſuch?

Paul. I dare ſwear they wou'd; —— if this Error had been neceſſary in Love, Nature wou'd certainly have diſpos'd our Heart to inſpire it. The Heart is the Source of all the Errors we have occaſion for, and in this matter denies us nothing.

DIALOGUE IX.

Candaulus *and* Giges.

CANDAULUS.

THE more I think on't, the more I'm convinc'd there was no Neceſſity you ſhou'd have murder'd me.

Giges. What cou'd I do? The next Day after you had given me a View of the Queen's ſecret Beauties, ſhe ſent for me, and telling me ſhe had diſcover'd that you brought me the Night before into her Chamber, made me a fine Speech upon the Injury done to her Modeſty, in Concluſion of which ſhe told me I muſt prepare to die, or to kill you and marry her out of hand; for ſhe pretended, her Honour requir'd either that I ſhou'd enjoy what I had ſeen, or be put out of Capacity of boaſting the Sight. I underſtood her Meaning: The Injury was not ſo great but ſhe might have diſſembl'd it, and her Honour might have let you live, if ſhe had pleas'd; but to be free, ſhe was ſurfeited with you, and was overjoy'd with a Pretext of Glory to get rid of her Husband. Now you muſt grant me, that, of the Alternative ſhe propos'd, I had but one way to chooſe.

Cand.

Cand. I'm violently afraid you were more charm'd with her, than ſhe was ſurfeited with me: What an inconſiderate Fool was I, that did not foreſee the Effects of her Beauty upon you, but took you for an honeſter Man than you prov'd!

Gyges. Rather blame your ſelf for having been ſo much tranſported with the Pleaſure of being Husband to a fine Woman, that you cou'd not keep the Secret.

Cand. Then I ſhou'd blame my ſelf for the moſt natural thing in the World. 'Tis impoſſible in extreme Happineſs to conceal ones Joy.

Gyges. In the Happineſs of a Lover 'twou'd be excuſable, but yours was that of a Husband. To be indiſcreet for a Miſtreſs is no ſtrange thing, but for a Wife! ——And what delicious Notions wou'd People have of Marriage, if they were to form a Judgment of it by what you did!

Cand. But ſeriouſly, do you believe we can be ſatisfy'd with a Felicity no Body is Witneſs to? The braveſt Men deſire Spectators of their Bravery, and thoſe who are happy wou'd be look'd upon as ſuch, to perfect their Happineſs. Nay, how do I know but they wou'd chooſe to have it leſs, provided it might appear more? 'Tis certain, we never make a Shew of our good Fortune, without a kind of Inſult

over

over others, in which we feel a mighty Satisfaction.

Gyges. According to your Notions, 'twou'd be very eaſie to revenge this Inſult. A Man need but ſhut his Eyes, and refuſe to others theſe Regards, or if you pleaſe theſe Sentiments of Emulation, which make Part of their Happineſs.

Cand. I agree with you. I heard one of the Dead t'other Day, who had been King of *Perſia*, relating a Story to this Purpoſe. He was carry'd Captive in Chains thro' the Metropolis of a great Empire. The victorious Emperor, attended with all his Court, was ſeated on a magnificent and lofty Throne: The Place was fill'd with infinite Crouds of People, and adorn'd with the utmoſt Care: Never was a more pompous Spectacle. When the King appear'd in the Rear of a long Proceſſion of Captives and Spoils, he made a Stop juſt over-againſt the Emperor, and cry'd out, with an Air of Gayety,——*Folly! Folly! All is Folly!*——— Theſe few Words, he affirm'd, quite ſpoil'd the Emperor's Triumph; and I am ſo ſenſible of it, that I believe I ſhou'd ſcarce have been willing to triumph, on the ſame Terms, over my moſt formidable Enemies.

Gyges. Then you wou'd not have lov'd the Queen any longer if I had not thought her

her handſome, but had cry'd out, when I ſaw her, ——*Folly! Folly!*

Cand. I muſt confeſs 'twou'd have cruelly mortify'd my Husbandly Pride. Now you may judge by this that the Love of a beautiful Woman muſt flatter a Man very ſenſibly, and that Diſcretion is a moſt difficult Virtue.

Gyges. Hark ye——(tho' I'm dead my ſelf, I will not ſay this to another of the Dead, but in his Ear) There's no ſuch matter of Vanity to be drawn from the Love of a Miſtreſs. Nature has ſo well eſtabliſh'd the Commerce of Love, that Merit has not very much to do. For every Heart ſhe has provided ſome other Heart, and has not taken Care always to rank together Perſons worthy of Eſteem. This is a very mix'd Affair, and Experience makes it but too plain that the Choice of a fine Woman argues little or nothing in Favour of the Man on whom it lights. Now theſe Reaſons, in my Opinion, ſhou'd make Lovers diſcreet.

Cand. I dare aſſure you, the Women do not deſire any ſuch Diſcretion as is only founded upon the Principle of taking but little Pride in their Love.

Gyges. Is it not ſufficient that a Man takes extream Pleaſure in it? What I wou'd withdraw from Vanity, ſhou'd be added to Tenderneſs. *Cand.*

Cand. No —— they wou'd not agree to it.

Gyges. But be pleas'd to consider, that when Pride enters into the Affair of Love, it spoils all. The Pride of the Women is first contrary to the Interest of their Lovers, and afterwards out of the Ruins of this Pride their Lovers compose another which is quite contrary to the Interest of the Women. And this is the Consequence of placing Pride where it ought not to be.

DIALOGUE X.

Helen *and* Fulvia.

HELEN.

I Must needs be satisfy'd in one thing which I was lately told here by *Augustus*. Is it true, *Fulvia*, that you entertain'd a small Inclination for him, and that, because he made no Returns to it, you provok'd *Marc Anthony* your Husband to raise a War against him?

Fulvia. Nothing's more true, my dear *Helen!* for among us Dead this Confession has no Consequences. *Marc Anthony* was in Love with *Citherida* the Player, and I wou'd

wou'd fain have had my Revenge by making *Auguſtus* love me. But alas! *Auguſtus* was too nice: I happen'd to be a little of the oldeſt, and not handſome enough; and tho' I gave him to underſtand that for his ſlighting me he had drawn upon himſelf a Civil War, I cou'd not work him into the leaſt Complaiſance. I don't care if I repeat to you ſome Verſes he made upon the Occaſion, tho' I confeſs they are not much to my Credit. They are theſe——

While from his Spouſe the falſe Antonius *flies,*
And dotes on ſoft Glaphira's *brighter Eyes,*

(For *Glaphira* you muſt know is the Player's Poetical Name——)

Fulvia *provok'd her Female Arts prepares,*
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her Snares.
The Husband's falſe—— But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous Plague? and her Revenge procure?
What tho' ſhe ask?——How bleſſed were my Doom,
Shou'd all the diſcontented Wives of Rome
Repair in Crouds to me, when ſcorn'd at home!

'Tis

'Tis War, she says, if I refuse her Charms:
Let's think —— She's ugly —— Trumpets,
sound to Arms!

Helen. Then you and I occasion'd the two greatest Wars that perhaps ever happen'd; you that of *Anthony* and *Augustus*, and I that of *Troy*.

Fulvia. But with this Difference, that you caus'd the War of *Troy* by your Beauty, and I that of *Augustus* and *Anthony* by my Deformity.

Helen. But to balance that, you have one Advantage over me; for yours was certainly a much pleasanter War than mine. My Husband revenges the Affront put upon him by another's loving me, which is natural enough; yours revenges the Affront put upon you by another's not loving you: And that, I think, is a new Air in a Husband!

Fulvia. True. But *Anthony* did not know he made War for me, as your Husband knew he did for you; which is a piece of Folly that can never be forgiven him. For instead of *Menelaus*'s marching with all *Greece* at his Heels, and besieging *Troy* for ten Years to force you from the Arms of *Paris*, is it not as plain as can be, that if *Paris* wou'd have resign'd you for ever, *Menelaus* ought to have sustain'd

ſtain'd a ten Years Siege in *Sparta* rather than have receiv'd you. In earneſt, I think they were all out of their Wits, both *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The firſt were mad for demanding you, and the others yet madder for keeping you. How, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd ſo many Men of Worth ſacrifice themſelves to the Pleaſures of an inconſiderate young Rake? I cou'd not forbear laughing when I read that Paſſage in *Homer*, where, after nine Years War, and a late Battel in which a world of Men were loſt, a Council is held before *Priam*'s Palace. There *Antenor* is for reſigning you, and there was nothing, that I can ſee, to be oppos'd to it. They ought only to have curs'd their Folly for not thinking of it ſooner. However, *Paris* is pleas'd to ſignifie that he does by no means approve the Propoſal. And *Priam*, who (if you'll take *Homer*'s Word for't) is a Match for the Gods in Wiſdom, being in a mighty Perplexity to find his Council divided upon ſo curious a Queſtion, and not able to reſolve which Part to take, gives Orders that they ſhou'd all adjourn, and be gone to Supper.

Helen. There's one good thing at leaſt in the *Trojan* War, and that is, The Ridiculous in it eaſily diſcovers it ſelf. But the Civil War between *Auguſtus* and *Anthony*

thony does not appear what it is. When ſo many of the *Roman* Eagles were ſeen together in the Field, People little imagin'd that the Cauſe, which ſo cruelly animated 'em againſt one another, was *Auguſtus*'s having coldly refus'd you the Favour.

Fulvia. Thus goes the World. We ſee very great Movements in it, but their Springs are often ridiculous enough. 'Tis very neceſſary for the Honour of the moſt conſiderable Events, that the Cauſes of 'em ſhou'd be conceal'd.

DIALOGUE XI.

Parmeniſcus *and* Theocritus *of* Chios.

IN this Dialogue Monſieur Fontenelle *mentions the Cave of* Trophonius; *but becauſe he has not explain'd the Story, and it ſeems very neceſſary that every one ſhou'd know it, in order to diſcern the Beauty of the Sentiments which allude to it, the Tranſlator takes leave to prefix a ſhort Account of it here.*

Trophonius *was the Son of* Apollo, *and had a Temple erected in Honour of him, within a Wood near* Labadia, *a Town in* Beotia, *where, by the help of*

of the Prieſts, he became famous for giving Oracles by Dreams. The Place, and the Ceremonies belonging to it, had ſomething particularly fantaſtical: Whoever came to enquire his Fate was firſt oblig'd for ſeveral Days to paſs thro' a long Formality of Charms, Ablutions, Expiations, and Sacrifices. The Prieſts inſpected the Entrails of Beaſts, to ſee whether he might be admitted to Audience, or no: If they thought fit to admit him, he was waſh'd, drank of two Springs, was anointed with Oil, brought to worſhip the Statue of Trophonius, *then dreſs'd in a Linnen Garment, and led to a Mountain inclos'd with Walls of White Marble, on which were ſeveral Braſs Obelisks. Within was a Cave like the Mouth of an Oven, thro' which he deſcended by a Ladder. Here he was oblig'd to take in each Hand a Cake of Honey as a Charm for his Security; he laid himſelf on the Ground, and was ſuddenly dragg'd by the Feet, he knew not how, through another little Cave, where he was to receive the Oracle in a Trance. To conclude, he was dragg'd out again the ſame way; ſome Ceremonies paſs'd to reſtore him to his Senſes, as placing him in the Chair of the Goddeſs of Memory, and ſo the Farce ended. But what is particularly to be remark'd here, is, that 'twas ſaid thoſe who went into this*

Cave loſt, for a time, the Power of Laughing; an Opinion occaſion'd by the Myſteriouſneſs of the Solemnity, in which nothing was omitted that cou'd fill a weak Mind with all the Ideas of Fear and Superſtition.

Thoſe who have a Curioſity to read a more particular Account of this, may find it at large in Van Dale's *Book* de Oraculis, *where he has admirably deſcrib'd the private Avenues and Communication of the Vaults, and unravelled the whole Management of this Impoſture.*

THEOCRITUS.

And was you really never able to laugh, after you had deſcended into *Trophonius*'s Cave?

Parmen. Never: I grew wonderfully ſerious.

Theocr. If I had known the Cave had that Virtue, I ought to have made a ſmall Journey thither! I had the ill Luck to laugh too much all my Time, and to pay for it too; for my Life might have been longer if I had laugh'd leſs. I may thank an unhappy Jeſt for diſpatching me hither. King *Antigonus* had but one Eye, and I had grievouſly offended him; however, he promis'd to paſs it all by, if I wou'd but appear before him. I was dragg'd along in

a manner by the Importunity of my Friends; who, for my Encouragement, ſaid to me, *Never fear, the King will forgive you; and the Minute you preſent your ſelf before his Eyes your Life's out of Danger. Then farewel to you,* ſaid I, *for if I am not pardon'd 'till I appear before his Eyes, I'm loſt for ever.* Now *Antigonus*, who was diſpos'd to forgive my Crime, cou'd not forgive my Sarcaſm, and ſo I loſt my Head for being merry out of Seaſon.

Parmen. I don't know whether I ſhou'd not have been glad with your Burleſque Humour, even at the Price you mention.

Theocr. And for me, what wou'd I have given to have had your Serioufneſs!

Parmen. Ah! you little think what you wiſh for. I thought that Serioufneſs wou'd have been the Death of me. Nothing cou'd divert me, I did all I cou'd to force a Laugh, but in vain. Of all the Ridiculous that the World affords, I had not the leaſt Enjoyment, for to me 'twas downright Sadneſs. In ſhort, I was almoſt diſtracted with my ſable Wiſdom, when I went and pray'd the *Delphick* God to teach me ſome Means to laugh. He ſends me in ambiguous Terms to the *maternal Pow'r*; I thought he meant my Country, and ſo I poſted back thither, yet that cou'd not relieve me. I began to think my Di-

ſtemper incurable, when by Chance I made a Journey to *Delos*. There I view'd with Admiration the Magnificence of *Apollo*'s Temples, and the Beauty of his Statues. The God appear'd every where in ſhining Marble or Gold, and by the Hand of the greateſt Maſters of *Greece*. But I happen'd at laſt upon a *Latona* in Wood, wretchedly carv'd, and with the haggiſh Air of an ugly old Woman, and here I cou'd not hold from laughing, and very heartily too, at the Difference between the Mother and the Son. But you can't imagine how I was ſurpriz'd and raviſh'd to think I had laugh'd, and then I underſtood the true Senſe of the Oracle. To conclude, I had no Offerings to ſpare for the Gold or Marble *Apollo's*; the wooden *Latona* had all my Devotion. I can't tell you how often I ſacrific'd to her, I beſmoak'd her over and over with Incenſe; and if I cou'd have born the Expence, I had certainly built and conſecrated a Temple *TO* LATONA *THAT PROVOKES LAUGHTER.*

Theocr. I ſhou'd think *Apollo* might have afforded you the Power of laughing, much eaſier than at his Mother's Expence. You might have ſeen Objects enough, as proper for that, as the wooden *Latona*.

Parmen. When we're out of Humour, we find that Men are not even worth the

Pains

Pains of laughing at. They were made to be ridiculous, and if they are ſo, pray where's the Wonder? But a Goddeſs that's pleas'd to be ſo, is ſomething extraordinary. *Apollo* wou'd probably convince me too, that my Malady was not to be reach'd by all the Force of Human Art, and that in this Extremity I needed the Aſſiſtance of the Deities.

Theocr. Yet this Mirth and Gayety you ſo paſſionately deſir'd, is the much greater Evil. A whole Nation was once poſſeſs'd with it, and pay'd for't too, ſufficiently.

Parmen. How? A whole Nation too much diſpos'd to Mirth and Gayety?

Theocr. Yes. 'Twas the *Tirinthians*.

Parmen. Happy People!

Theocr. Happy? — Let me tell you, they were ſo uncapable of Serioufneſs, even upon the moſt weighty Occaſions, that every thing fell into the utmoſt Confuſion. If they aſſembled in publick; inſtead of ſettling the State, their whole Diſcourſe was Buffoonery. If they gave Audience to Ambaſſadors, they grinn'd in their Faces. If they held Councils, the Speeches of the graveſt Senators were all Farce. And whatever was the Matter in hand, one reaſonable Syllable, or a wiſe Action, was a Prodigy with 'em. In ſhort, as great Fools as they were, they found the Plague

of this Droll Diſpoſition, as much at leaſt as you did of your Sadneſs, and to *Delphos* they went as well as you, but with a quite different Prayer, *viz.* to know how they ſhou'd recover a decent Gravity. The Oracle anſwer'd, if they cou'd ſacrifice a Bull to *Neptune* without laughing, it ſhou'd be afterwards in their Power to become wiſer. A Sacrifice, you'll own, is at all times no merry Buſineſs; yet ev'n for this, they had a World of Preparatives to make it more ſerious. They reſolv'd to admit no young People to it, nor all ſorts of old neither; but ſuch only as were loaded with Diſeaſes, or Debts, or plagu'd with bad Wives. When this choice Company was muſter'd upon the Shore to ſolemnize the Sacrifice, notwithſtanding the Wives, the Debts, the Diſeaſes, and Age it ſelf, they ſtill ſtood in need of other Helps, and were forc'd to take a world of Pains to ſet their Countenances, to rivet their Eyes to the Ground, to knit their Brows, and bite their Lips; but as ill Luck wou'd have it, there was a little Boy crept among the Croud, and as they were driving him away according to Order, *Lord help ye*, ſays the Child, *d'ye think I'll ſwallow your Bull?* This Foolery ruin'd all, and undid the Charm of ſo many formal Grimaces. They burſt into a mighty Laugh, the Sa-

crifice

crifice was diſturb'd, and the *Tirinthians* remain'd as great Ideots as before. But certainly they were to blame, after their Bull fail'd 'em, that they did not think of this Cave of *Trophonius*, which had the wonderful Vertue of making People ſo ſerious, and produc'd ſo remarkable a Change in you.

Parmen. Shall I tell you truly now? I actually went into *Trophonius*'s Cave; and yet the *Trophonius*'s Cave which ſtruck me with ſuch a Melancholy, is quite another ſort of Buſineſs.

Theocr. What is it then?

Parmen. 'Tis *Reflections*. I had made ſome, and I never laugh'd afterward. If the Oracle had preſcrib'd that Specifick, the *Tirinthians* had been ſoon cur'd of their Jollity.

Theocr. I muſt own I don't well underſtand what Reflections are, but I can't imagine why they ſhou'd be ſo chagrin. Is it impoſſible to have any right Views but what at the ſame time muſt be diſmal? Is Error only privileg'd to be gay, and is Reaſon made but to torture and deſtroy us?

Parmen. By what appears, 'tis not Nature's Intention that we ſhou'd think too refinedly, becauſe ſhe ſells theſe Thoughts at ſo dear a Rate! You are for making Reflections, ſays ſhe; but beware!——I ll

have my Revenge, by the Sadneſs they ſhall give you.

Theocr. But you don't tell me why Nature wou'd not have us purſue Reflections as far as they'll go?

Parmen. She has ſent Men into the World to live in it; and to live, is to be for the moſt part of our Time wholly ignorant of what we are doing. When we diſcover the little Importance of all that imploys or touches us, we rob Nature of her Secret; we are wiſe over much, and retain too little of Man; we think, and we ceaſe from Action. And this is what Nature diſallows.

Theocr. But the ſame Reaſon which helps you to think finer than others, condemns you however to act like them.

Parmen. You ſay right: There's a Reaſon that ſets us above all things by Thoughts, and there muſt be another that brings us back to all again by Actions. But then, even at this Rate, were it not almoſt as much to the Purpoſe not to have thought at all?

DIALOGUE XII.

Marcus Brutus *and* Fauſtina.

M. BRUTUS.

HOW!—Is it poſſible that you took Pleaſure in acting a thouſand Infidelities againſt the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, a Husband that had all the Complaiſance in the World for you, and who, without Diſpute, was the very beſt Man in the *Roman* Empire?

Fauſt. And is it poſſible, that you aſſaſſinated ſo mild and moderate an Emperor, as *Julius Cæſar*?

M. Brutus. I meant to terrifie all Uſurpers by the Example of *Cæſar*, ſince his Mildneſs and Moderation cou'd not make him ſecure.

Fauſt. And ſuppoſe I ſhou'd tell you, I meant to frighten all Husbands, that no Body ſhou'd dare to think of being one, after the Example of *Marcus Aurelius*, whoſe Kindneſs was ſo ill repay'd?

M. Brutus. A very fine Deſign, that!—There's a Neceſſity there ſhou'd be Huſbands; for, who ſhou'd govern the Women, I pray?—But *Rome* had no Occaſion of being govern'd by *Cæſar*.

Fauſti.

Fauſt. Who told you ſo? *Rome* began to have as odd Fancies and Humours as are charg'd upon the greater part of Women. She cou'd not live longer without any Maſter at all, nor yet cou'd ſhe bear to have but one. Women are exactly of the ſame Character; and it muſt be granted too, that the Men are too jealous of their Sovereignty: They exerciſe it in Marriage, and that's a great deal, and they wou'd exerciſe it in Love too. When they require a Miſtreſs ſhou'd be faithful, they mean, a Slave. The Dominion ought to be equally divided between the Lover and his Miſtreſs, and yet it always paſſes from one ſide, and generally from the ſide of the Lover.

M. Brutus. You ſhew your ſelf a notorious Rebel here, againſt our whole Sex.

Fauſt. I'm a *Roman*, and I have *Roman* Sentiments of Liberty.

M. Brutus. At this Rate I can aſſure you the World's full of *Romans.* But will you be pleas'd to own that *Romans* like me, are ſomewhat more rare.

Fauſt. So much the better. I believe no honeſt Man wou'd have done what you did, when you ſtabb'd your Benefactor.

M. Brutus. Nor do I believe any honeſt Woman wou'd have imitated your Conduct.

Conduct. As for mine, you can't deny that there was Firmneſs of Mind in it. It requir'd a good deal of Courage, to ſtand Proof againſt the Friendſhip which *Cæſar* had for me.

Fauſt. And d'ye think it requir'd leſs Courage to ſtand Proof againſt the good Nature and Patience of *Marcus Aurelius?* He ſaw, with Unconcern, all the Infidelities I play'd him. He wou'd not do me the Honour to be jealous, and he diſappointed me of the Pleaſure of cheating him. I was ſo enrag'd, that I had almoſt a Mind ſometimes to turn honeſt, yet I made a ſhift always to preſerve my ſelf from that Weakneſs. And even after my Death, did not *Marcus Aurelius* affront me with building Temples, giving me Prieſts, and inſtituting in my Honour the *Fauſtinian* Feaſts? And is not this very provoking, to perſecute my Memory with an *Apotheoſis*? to erect me into a Goddeſs?

M. Brutus. Well, I own I have no Notion of Woman! Were ever ſuch fantaſtical Complaints heard of?

Fauſt. Why?—wou'd not you rather have been oblig'd to conſpire againſt *Silla*, than againſt *Cæſar*? *Silla* might have provok'd your Indignation and Hatred to the higheſt Degree, by his extravagant Cruelty.

Cruelty. So ſhou'd I have been much better pleas'd to have put the Trick upon a jealous Man, as *Cæſar* for Example, whom we're talking of. He was poſſeſs'd with ſuch an inſupportable Vanity, that nothing wou'd content him unleſs he had the Empire of the whole Earth to himſelf, and his Wife to himſelf too; and becauſe he ſaw *Clodius* ſhar'd one with him, and *Pompey* the other, he cou'd neither bear *Pompey* nor *Clodius*. Oh how happy ſhou'd I have been with *Cæſar*!

M. Brutus. 'Twas but this Moment you were for exterminating all Husbands, and now you are for chooſing the very worſt!

Fauſt. I am for having none at all; that ſo Women might be perpetually free. But if there muſt be ſome, why then, the worſe the better, in my Judgment, for the ſake of the Pleaſure there is in recovering ones Liberty.

M. Brutus. And I think it moſt neceſſary for Women of your Temper, that there ſhou'd be Husbands. The Sentiment of Liberty is always more lively the more 'tis mingl'd with Spight.

FON-

FONTENELLE's

DIALOGUES

OF THE

D E A D.

ANTIENT *and* MODERN.

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES
OF THE
D E A D.

DIALOGUE I.

Auguſtus, and *Peter Aretin.*

PETER ARETIN.

YES, I was a Wit in my Time, I aſſure you, and rais'd my ſelf a conſiderable Fortune among Princes.

Aug. You compos'd many Works in Honour of 'em?

P. Are. Not a Syllable; I had a Penſion from all the Princes of *Europe*, which had been

been impoſſible, if I had fool'd away my Time in ſcribling Panegyricks. They were all at War together, the Conſequence of which is, that when one Side beats, the other's beaten; and how ſhou'd I praiſe 'em all together?

Aug. What was it you did then?

P. Are. Lampoon 'em—They cou'd not all be put into a Panegyrick, but into a Satyr they might. In ſhort, I had ſo ſpread abroad the Terror of my Name, that they were glad to pay me Tribute, to purchaſe the Liberty of playing the Fool in quiet. The Emperor *Charles* V. (of whom you muſt needs have heard here below) cou'd not be at reſt 'till he went and got himſelf well beaten upon the Coaſt of *Africa*, and immediately after ſends me a fine Chain of Gold. I took it, but with a ſullen Look;—*What a pitiful Trifle is here*, ſaid I, *for ſo great a Folly as he has committed!*

Aug. A very new way this, that you invented, to draw Mony from Princes.

P. Are. Had I not all the Reaſon in the World to expect a vaſt Fortune, by eſtabliſhing my ſelf a Revenue upon Folly? a Fund, which (let me tell you) can never be exhauſted.

Aug. Yet when you have ſaid all, Praiſing is the ſureſt Trade, and conſequently the beſt.

P. Are.

P. Are. What d' ye mean? — I had not Impudence enough.

Aug. And yet you had Impudence enough to make Satires upon Crown'd Heads?

P. Are. Under Favour, that's a different Caſe. In the Buſineſs of Satire there's no Neceſſity you ſhou'd always deſpiſe the Perſon you write againſt, but only laſh him; whereas, in offering Fuſtian Praiſes, I think one can't avoid having mean Thoughts of the Perſons they are put upon, and taking 'em in ones Heart for downright Bubbles. I wonder with what Face *Virgil* cou'd tell you 'twas a Matter in Debate, what Place you wou'd accept of among the Gods; whether you wou'd be pleas'd to take upon you the Charge of the Earth, or become a God of the Sea by eſpouſing one of the Daughters of *Thetis*, who wou'd willingly give all her Waters for the Honour of your Alliance? Or, in fine, whether you wou'd take up your Apartment in Heav'n near the Scorpion, who poſſeſs'd two Places, but upon your Approach wou'd contract his Claws to make room for you?

Aug. You may ſpare your Wonder about *Virgil*'s Face. People are not us'd to examine Praiſes ſo rigorouſly; they can help out the Letter, I warrant you, and

the Modeſty of the Addreſſer is ſufficiently ſecur'd by the Self-Love of thoſe to whom they are addreſs'd. For it's as common a thing as can be to have People think they deſerve Praiſes which are not given 'em, and how then ſhou'd they believe they don't deſerve thoſe that are?

P. Are. What! you'll take *Virgil*'s Word for't then? and hope to marry a Sea-Nymph, or take up your Quarters among the Signs in the Zodiack?

Aug. No ſuch Fool neither. In Praiſes of this kind we abate ſomething to reduce 'em to a reaſonable compaſs: But to confeſs freely, that Abatement is but ſmall, and we always take care to ſecure our ſelves a good Bargain. In ſhort, in what extravagant manner ſoever we are prais'd, we have the Benefit of thinking our ſelves ſuperior to common Praiſe, and that 'tis purely our Merit forces thoſe who praiſe us to exceed all Bounds. Alas! Vanity has a thouſand ſhifts.

P. Are. I am convinc'd that one need not make any Difficulty of carrying Praiſes to the higheſt Exceſs; but for thoſe at leaſt that are contrary to one another, I wonder i' my Conſcience how any Body can have the Boldneſs to offer 'em to Princes. I hold a Wager now, for Example, that if you had taken Vengeance upon

on your Enemies implacably, your whole Court wou'd have rung with Acclamations, that nothing in the World was more glorious than to thunder down all that had the Raſhneſs to oppoſe you. And after this, when you had perform'd ſome Action of great Mildneſs, the Tune had been chang'd, and then, Vengeance!—'tis the Appetite of Beaſts, and all the Glory it carries is barbarous and inhuman! Thus they wou'd have prais'd one part of your Life at the Expence of t'other. Now I ſhou'd have been in a terrible Fear that you wou'd have turn'd the Banter upon me, and catch'd me by my own Words—And that you'd have ſaid, *Chooſe me now which you pleaſe, Severity or Clemency, to draw the true Character of a Hero upon; but when you have done be ſure you keep to your Choice.*

Aug. Why will you have one make ſo ſevere a Scrutiny? 'Tis convenient for great Perſons, that all Matters ſhou'd be Problems for Flattery: Whatever they do they cannot miſs of Praiſe; and if they are complimented upon Contraries, 'tis becauſe they have more than one ſort of Merit.

P. Are. Well, but had you never any Scruple about all thoſe Elogies which were ſo unreaſonably heap'd on you? Or was

there need of much refining, to perceive that they were only pinn'd upon your Quality? Praiſes make no Diſtinction of Princes: The greateſt Heros have no more to their Share than others. But Poſterity is juſt, and makes a Difference between thoſe that are given to different Princes, by ratifying the one, and rejecting the other for vile Flattery.

Aug. You muſt grant me then at leaſt that I merited the Praiſes I receiv'd, ſince 'tis certain Poſterity has confirm'd 'em by its Judgment. Tho' at the ſame time I have a Quarrel againſt it too, becauſe being accuſtom'd to regard me as the Model of Princes, in praiſing 'em it has commonly compar'd 'em to me, and I have often ſuffer'd by the Compariſon.

P. Are. Take Comfort, I beſeech you; you are not like to have this Cauſe of Complaint long. If it be true what all the Dead that come hither tell us of *Louis* XIV. now reigning in *France*, 'tis he will be look'd on hereafter as the Model of Princes; and I foreſee, that in future Times the higheſt Compliment that can be made 'em will be to compare 'em to this mighty Prince.* *Aug.*

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* *'Tis impoſſible for an* Engliſhman *to tranſlate this without a Remark. The Compliment is finely introduc'd, but ſmells ſtrong of the Penſion, which, as our Author ſays afterwards, is what ſpoils* Virgil's *to* Auguſtus.

Aug. Very fine! Do you think that thoſe, who ſhall make 'em ſo extravagant a Panegyrick, will be heard with Pleaſure?

P. Are. 'Tis very poſſible: Men are ſo covetous of Praiſe, that they can diſpenſe with Truth, Juſtice, and every thing elſe that ſhou'd ſeaſon and qualifie it.

Aug. It's plain then you are for aboliſhing all Praiſes whatever. If only ſuch muſt be allow'd as are juſt, who d'ye think will give 'em?

P. Are. All thoſe who wou'd praiſe without Deſign, and ſuch are the only proper Perſons. What gives ſuch a Value to your *Virgil*'s admirable Encomium of *Cato*, when he makes him preſide over the Aſſembly of pious Souls, who are ſeparated from the reſt in the *Elyſian* Fields, —'Tis this—*Cato* was dead, and *Virgil* had no Expectations from him, or any of his Family—And what ſpoils all his Praiſes of you in the beginning of his *Georgicks*? —The Penſion he receiv'd from you.

Aug. Then have I thrown away a World of Mony upon Praiſe!

P. Are. I'm ſorry for't. You ſhou'd ha' done as one of your Succeſſors did, who, upon his coming to the Empire, immediately forbad all Perſons, by an expreſs Edict, the Liberty of making Verſes on him.

Aug. Alas! he was wiſer than I; and I am ſenſible now that thoſe are by no means the trueſt Praiſes which they preſent to us, but thoſe only which we extort from 'em.

DIALOGUE II.

Sappho *and* Laura.

LAURA.

IT'S true that the Amours we both have been engag'd in have been accompany'd by the Muſes, which render'd 'em very agreeable; but with this difference it ſeems, that whereas you made Verſes on your Lovers, I had Verſes made on me by mine.

Sap. Very well! you wou'd tell me I was as violent a Lover as you were belov'd.

Lau. That may be without a Miracle. For I know our Sex is generally more inclin'd to Tenderneſs than the Men. But what ſhocks me is this: You made no Scruple of telling all your Mind, and making ſuch broad Signs to thoſe you had a Kindneſs for!—In ſhort, you openly invaded 'em with your Poetry; whereas the Woman's part is to be upon the Defenſive.

Sap.

Sap. To be free with you, I was provok'd at that impertinent Cuſtom. The Men have abus'd us, and left us the hardeſt Part; for 'tis much eaſier to attack than to defend.

Lau. Let's not complain, I beſeech you; ſince our Part has its Advantages. The beſieg'd, you know, may ſurrender at Diſcretion, but the Beſiegers can't carry the Town when they pleaſe.

Sap. You might have ſaid, on t'other ſide, that when the Men attack us, 'tis becauſe they have an Inclination to attack us. But when we defend (you know)—we han't over much Inclination to it.

Lau. What do you make nothing of the Pleaſure of obſerving from ſo many ſoft Addreſſes, ſo long continu'd, and ſo often renew'd, how very highly they value the Conqueſt of your Heart?

Sap. And do you make nothing of the Pain of reſiſting theſe ſoft Addreſſes? They ſee with Pleaſure how they ſucceed by the Advances they make upon us. But as to our Reſiſtance, ſhou'd that ſucceed (otherwiſe than we deſign) o'my Conſcience 'twou'd break our Hearts.

Lau. But however, tho' after a troubleſome Attendance, they have a Right to be Conquerors at laſt, yet you do 'em a Favour in acknowledging 'em ſuch. And

tho' you can't hold out any longer, yet ev'n your Weakneſs lays 'em under Obligations.

Sap. But with your Leave, for all that, a Victory on their ſide is ſtill a Defeat on ours. All the Pleaſure they taſte in being lov'd, is their Triumph over the Perſon that loves 'em; and a happy Lover is only happy in this, that he is the Conqueror.

Lau. What? wou'd you have had a Law then, that the Women ſhou'd attack the Men?

Sap. What a Pother you make about attacking and defending! one wou'd think you were born in a Siege. Why can't they meet one another half way, and love upon the Square?

Lau. Oh Matters wou'd be diſpatch'd too ſoon by half, and Love is ſo agreeable a Commerce, that we ſhou'd ſpin it out as long as we can. 'Twere a Jeſt indeed, if as ſoon as the Queſtion were put on one ſide, t'other ſhou'd be ready with a *Yes I thank you!* Then what becomes of all the ſollicitous Endeavours of pleaſing? of the Inquietudes, and Regret for not having pleas'd more? the Officious Ardour in ſeeking the happy Moment? in a Word, all that agreeable Intercourſe and Mixture of Pleaſure and Pain which makes the Soul

of

of an Amour? For ſtrip it of theſe, and there is nothing more inſipid than plain Love for Love.

Sap. A fine Story! If Love muſt needs be a ſort of Combat, I wou'd much rather put the Men upon the Guard. Did you not own that our Sex has more Diſpoſition to Tenderneſs? It follows then, they wou'd attack better.

Lau. True; but the other; wou'd defend too well. And when 'tis affirm'd that ſome Reſiſtance muſt be made on one ſide or t'other, 'tis meant ſo much only as will reliſh the Victory to thoſe that attack, but by no means ſo much as to repel 'em. One ſhou'd not be ſo weak as to ſurrender at firſt Sight, nor ſo ſtout as not to ſurrender at all. This now is the proper Character of our Sex, and cannot ſo well agree to the Men: And, take my Word for't, when we have reaſon'd and refin'd all we can, upon Love, or any other Matter, we ſhall find at the Foot of the Account, that things are better much as they are; and that in offering to mend 'em, we ſhou'd ſpoil 'em utterly.

DIALOGUE III.

Socrates *and* Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE.

'TIS you then, divine *Socrates*! How I'm tranſported to ſee you! I am but newly come into theſe Parts, and immediately upon my Arrival I made it my Buſineſs to find you out. In ſhort, after having fill'd my Book with your Name and Praiſes, I have now the happy Opportunity of your Converſation, and of informing my ſelf from you, by what Means you became poſſeſs'd of ſuch a native Virtue, the Motions of which were all ſo unaffected, and which had no ſuch Example before it, ev'n in that happy Age in which you liv'd.

Socr. I am very well pleas'd to meet with one of the Dead, that ſeems to have been a Philoſopher. But becauſe you are lately come from above, and 'tis a long time ſince I've ſeen any Perſon here (for they leave me lonely enough, and I have no Crouds, I'll aſſure you, that preſs for my Converſation) therefore give me leave to ask you what News? How goes the World? Is it not mightily chang'd?

Mont. Extreamly; you wou'd not know it.

Socr.

Socr. I'm raviſh'd to hear it; I was always of Opinion it muſt of neceſſity grow better and wiſer, than 'twas in my Days.

Mont. What d'ye mean? Why 'tis ten times more fooliſh and corrupt than ever; that's the Change I ſpeak of; and I expected to hear from you the Hiſtory of the Times which you have ſeen, in which there reign'd ſo much Honeſty and Integrity.

Socr. On the contrary, I was prepar'd to hear Wonders of the Age, in which you have juſt finiſh'd your Life. What! Have not Men by this time ſhaken off the Follies of Antiquity?

Mont. You're an Antient your ſelf, and for that Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, make ſo bold with Antiquity: But be aſſur'd that Men's Manners are at preſent a large Subject of Lamentation, and that all things degenerate daily

Socr. Is't poſſible? I thought in my Time things went as perverſly as cou'd be, and was in hopes that at laſt they wou'd fall into a more reaſonable Train — and that Men wou'd have made their Advantage of ſo many Years Experience.

Mont. Alas! What Regard have they to Experience? Like ſilly Birds, they ſuffer themſelves to be taken in the ſame Nets that have caught a hundred thouſand of

their

their Kind already. There's not one but enters a perfect Novice upon the Stage of Life; the Follies of the Fathers are all loſt upon their Children, and do not ſerve to inſtruct 'em at all.

Socr. But what's the Reaſon of this? I ſhou'd think that ſurely the World, in its old Age, ought to become wiſer and more regular than 'twas in its Youth.

Mont. Mankind has, in all Ages, the ſame Inclinations, over which Reaſon has not the leaſt Power. So that to the World's End there will be Follies, and the ſame Follies too, as long as there are Men.

Socr. Then why wou'd you put a greater Value upon the Ages of Antiquity, than upon this preſent Age?

Mont. Ah! *Socrates*! I know you to have a particular Maſtery in the Art of Reaſoning, and to be able ſo ingeniouſly to beſet thoſe, with whom you diſpute, with Arguments whoſe Conſequences they do not foreſee, that you can lead 'em whither you pleaſe. This is what may be call'd playing the Midwife to their Thoughts; I'm ſure I find my ſelf deliver'd of a Propoſition directly oppoſite to what I had advanc'd, and yet I cannot give up the Controverſie neither. 'Tis certain we find not now any of thoſe robuſt and vigorous Souls of Antiquity: Shew me an

Ariſtides,

Ariſtides, a *Phocion*, a *Pericles*, or to name one for all—a *Socrates*.

Socr. Why what hinders? Is it becauſe Nature's exhauſted, and has not Spirits left to produce ſuch great Souls—If ſo, why is ſhe yet exhauſted in nothing elſe, but in reaſonable Men? None of her other Works are degenerated, and how comes it then to paſs that Mankind is degenerated alone?

Mont. That they are degenerated is Matter of Fact: It appears to me as if Nature had ſometimes ſhewn ſuch great Men to the World, as Patterns of what ſhe cou'd produce if ſhe pleas'd, and after that form'd all the reſt with Negligence enough.

Socr. Take care you are not deceiv'd: Antiquity is an Object of a peculiar kind; its Diſtance magnifies it: Had you but known *Ariſtides*, *Phocion*, *Pericles* and my ſelf, (ſince you are pleas'd to place me in the Number) you wou'd certainly have found ſome to match us in your own Age. That which commonly poſſeſſes People ſo in Favour of Antiquity, is their being out of Humour with their own Times, and Antiquity takes Advantage of their Spleen; they cry up the Antients in Spight to their Cotemporaries. Thus when we liv'd we eſteem'd our Anceſtors more than they deſerv'd; and, in Requital, our Poſterity eſteem

us

us at preſent more than we deſerve. But yet our Anceſtors, and we, and our Poſterity, are all upon the Level; and, I believe, the Proſpect of the World wou'd be very dull and tireſome to any one that ſhou'd view it in a true Light, becauſe 'tis always the ſame.

Mont. I ſhou'd have thought the World was always in Motion, that every thing chang'd, and that Ages, like Men, had their different Characters: And, in Effect, do we not ſee that ſome Ages are learned, and others illiterate; ſome barbarous, others polite; ſome ſerious, others whimſical; ſome ingenious, and others ſtupid?

Socr. True.

Mont. And conſequently are not ſome more virtuous, and others more wicked?

Socr. That does not follow. Men change their Habits, but not the Form of their Bodies. Politeneſs, Barbariſm, Learning or Ignorance, more or leſs Plainneſs, the grave Genius or the Buffoon; all theſe are no more than the Dreſs, the Outſide of Mankind; and theſe indeed are chang'd. But the Heart, which is the Man himſelf, does not change at all. People are ignorant in one Age, but Learning may come into Faſhion in the next. People are intereſted, but Diſintereſt will never be the Mode. Among the prodigious Number of

of Men irrational enough, that are born in a hundred Years, Nature produces it may be thirty or forty rational; and theſe, like a prudent Adminiſtratrix, ſhe's oblig'd to diſperſe thro' all the Earth; and I leave you to judge, if they are like to be found in any Place in Numbers ſufficient to bring Virtue and Integrity into Faſhion.

Mont. But is this Diſtribution of rational Men made with Equality? Some Ages, in all Probability, have been better us'd in the Dividend than others.

Socr. Nature, without queſtion, acts always with exact Regularity, but we have not the Skill to judge as ſhe acts.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IV.

Adrian *the Emperor, and* Margaret *of* Auſtria.

MARGARET of *AUSTRIA.*

WHAT's the Matter, I beſeech you? I ſee you're in a Heat.

Adri. I have juſt now been engag'd in a fierce Diſpute with *Cato* of *Utica*, concerning the manner of our Deaths; and I maintain'd that in this laſt Scene I ſhew'd more of a Philoſopher than he.

M. of *Au.* How! you had a World of Aſſurance, upon my Word, that you durſt encounter a Death ſo famous as his. Cou'd any thing be more glorious than to order Affairs with that Wiſdom in *Utica*, to make his Friends ſecure, and then kill himſelf that he might expire with the Liberty of his Country, and avoid falling into the Hands of a Conqueror, from whom he was yet certain to have receiv'd a Pardon?

Adri. Oh! if you examine ſtrictly, you'll find there's enough to be objected to this Death. In the firſt Place he was ſo long preparing for it, and with Efforts ſo viſible

viſible, that there was not a Man in *Utica* but knew that *Cato* was about to kill himſelf. Secondly, Before he durſt venture upon the Stroke, he was forc'd to read ſeveral times over *Plato*'s Dialogue concerning the Immortality of the Soul. Thirdly, This Deſign had put him ſo out of Humour, that being in Bed, and miſſing his Sword from under his Pillow (for in Suſpicion of what he was about to do, his Friends had remov'd it) he call'd one of his Slaves to ask him for it, and gave the poor Fellow ſuch a Blow on the Face with his Fiſt, that he broke his Teeth, and brought back his Hand all bloody.

M. of *Au.* 'Twas an unlucky Blow I muſt own, and quite ſpoils this Philoſophical Death.

Adri. You can't imagine what a Noiſe he made about the taking away his Sword, and how he upbraided his Sons and his Domeſticks, that they intended to deliver him bound Hand and Foot to *Cæſar*. In fine, he rav'd at 'em to that degree, that they were forc'd to be gone out of his Chamber, and leave him to kill himſelf.

M. of *Au.* Truly there was no need of ſo much ado about the Matter; he might have had Patience 'till the next Day, and then have effected it as he pleas'd. Nothing's eaſier than to paſs out of the World

when one is reſolv'd to ſtay no longer in it. But it's probable the Meaſures he took were ſo exactly proportion'd to his Conſtancy, that there was a Neceſſity of killing himſelf juſt at that Inſtant; and if he had deferr'd it but a Day longer, perhaps he had not done it at all.

Adri. You ſay right, and, I perceive, know how to judge of a generous Death.

M. of *Au.* But then they tell us, that after his Sword was brought to him, and every Body withdrawn, *Cato* fell faſt aſleep, and ſnor'd. This indeed look'd very ſerene and handſome.

Adri. But d'ye believe it? He had been bawling and tearing, and laying about him like a Madman at his Servants; and, after ſuch a rough Exerciſe, People don't uſe to fall aſleep ſo ſerenely. Beſides, the Hand he ſtruck the Slave with pain'd him too much to let him ſleep, for he cou'd not bear the Anguiſh of it, but had it bound up by a Surgeon, tho' he was juſt upon the Point of killing himſelf: In ſhort, from the time they brought him his Sword, 'till Midnight, he read twice over *Plato*'s Dialogue. And then I cou'd prove, by an Entertainment he gave all his Friends in the Evening, by a Walk he took afterward, and by all that paſs'd 'till they left him alone in his Chamber, that when they brought

brought him his Sword 'twas very late; beſides, the Dialogue he read is very long, and conſequently he ſlept but little, if at all. In truth, I have a ſhrewd Suſpicion that he only ſnor'd with his Eyes open, that he might have the Honour of it, and to impoſe upon ſuch as were liſt'ning at his Chamber-Door.

M. of *Au.* I think your Criticiſms upon his Death are not amiſs, which however has ſtill remaining in it ſomething very Heroick. But upon what Grounds can you pretend yours exceeds it? By all that I can remember you dy'd in your Bed, in a very plain Manner, and not at all remarkable.

Adri. How!--Pray are not theſe Verſes remarkable, which I made juſt at my laſt Breath?

O Animula, vagula, blandula!
Quæ nunc abibis in Loca,
Pallida, lurida, timidula?
Nec ut ſoles dabis Joca.

My little Soul! doſt thou yet know,
Thou gentle flutt'ring Fondling,
To what Places thou muſt go
All naked, pallid, trembling?
Where thou no more ſhalt joke and ſing.

Cato entertain'd Death too ſeriouſly; but, you ſee, I made a Jeſt of it. And 'tis in this I pretend my Philoſophy went far beyond *Cato*'s. 'Tis not half ſo hard to bully Death with Fierceneſs, as careleſly to railly it; nor to receive it handſomly when we call it to our Aid, as when it comes unſent for, and without our occaſion for't.

M. of *Au.* I muſt own your Death had a better Grace than *Cato*'s. But, by ill Luck, I had never obſerv'd thoſe Verſes in which all the Beauty of it conſiſts.

Adri. Why that now is the Humour of the World! *Cato* tore out his Bowels, rather than he'd fall into the Hands of the Enemy; this, perhaps, is no ſuch mighty Matter at the Bottom. Yet ſuch a Paſſage looks very bright in the Hiſtory, and every Body's ſmitten with it. When another Perſon makes his *Exit* ſo eaſily, as to be in Humour for compoſing jocular Verſes upon his Death, 'tis more in reality than what *Cato* did; yet, becauſe there's nothing in it that dazles, Hiſtory ſcarce makes any Account of it.

M. of *Au.* Alas! there's nothing truer than what you ſay; I know it by Experience. For I my ſelf, who am talking with you at this Inſtant, make Pretences to a handſomer Death than yours, which however has made leſs Noiſe. I can't ſay, indeed,

'twas

'twas an abſolute Death, but ſuch as 'tis, it exceeds yours, which exceeds *Cato*'s.

Adri. How! — what d'ye mean?

M. of *Au.* I was an Emperor's Daughter, and was contracted to a King's Son, who, after the Death of his own Father, very civilly ſent me back to mine, in ſpight of his ſolemn Promiſe to marry me. After that I was contracted to the Son of another King; and, as I was going to my Spouſe by Sea, the Veſſel which carry'd me was ſurpriz'd in a prodigious Storm, which put my Life in extream Danger. In the midſt of the Tempeſt I made this Epitaph for my ſelf.

The Royal Margaret *here is laid,*
Who marry'd twice, yet dy'd a Maid.

Now to be plain with you, I did not die at that time, but that was not my Fault. Do but imagine ſuch a ſort of Death as this, and you'll be ſatisfy'd. *Cato*'s Conſtancy is irregular in one Kind, and yours in another; but mine is all pure Nature. He was too Romantick, you had too much Buffoonery, but I was reaſonable.

Adri. What! you reproach me with having fear'd Death too little?

M. of *Au.* I do——'Tis not likely a Man ſhou'd be without any Concern at his Death; and I'll pawn my Soul that you put as great a Force upon your ſelf to ſtrain your Jeſt, as *Cato* did to tear out his Bowels. I expected every Moment to be caſt away, yet without Terror, and I compos'd my Epitaph in cool Blood. This now is very extraordinary; and if there were no Circumſtances to qualifie the Story, there wou'd be Reaſon to reject it for a Fable, or to think, at leaſt, 'twas all a Strain of Oſtentation. But let it be conſider'd, that I was at the ſame time a poor young Lady twice contracted, and yet had before my Eyes the Misfortune of dying a Maid: I expreſs my Concern for it, and this gives an Air of Truth to my Story, as much as you can demand. Now your Verſes, if you mind 'em, have no Meaning; they are a meer Jingle made up of little fooliſh Expreſſions. But mine carry a clear Senſe, which gives Satisfaction upon the firſt reading, and ſhews that Nature ſpeaks in 'em, more than in yours.

Adri. In good Faith, I ſhou'd ne'er have thought that your Melancholy, about carrying your Virginity along with you, ought to be a Matter of ſuch Glory to you.

M. of *Au.* Look you——you may rail-ly upon it as you pleaſe; but my Death (if it

it may properly be call'd ſo) has yet another eſſential Advantage over *Cato*'s and yours. You had both medl'd with Philoſophy ſo much in your Lives, that you were ingag'd, upon Honour, not to be afraid of Death; and if your Fear might have been allow'd you, I don't know how you'd have behav'd your ſelves. But for me, as long as the Storm laſted, I had a Woman's Right to tremble, and ſhriek 'till my Cries reach'd Heav'n it ſelf, and no Body cou'd have found Fault, or eſteem'd me the leſs for it. And yet, as I told you, I was ſo compos'd as to write my Epitaph.

Adri. Hark ye —— betwixt you and I, was it not writ aſhore?

M. of *Au.* Pſhaw —— this Criticiſing is the Devil —— Did I ſerve you ſo about your Verſes?

Adri. Well, I'll take 'em upon truſt then — and I will yield you the Point, that Virtue is then greateſt, when ſhe does not exceed the Bounds of Nature.

DIALOGUE V.

Eraſiſtratus *and* Harvey.

ERASISTRATUS.

IN Truth you inform me of very ſtrange Things here—How!—Does the Blood Circulate, ſay you? Do the Veins carry it from the extream Parts of the Body to the Heart, and the Heart diſcharge it into the Arteries, which convey it back again to the Extremities?

Har. I have given ſo many Experimental Proofs of this, that no Body queſtions it any longer.

Eraſi. Why then, it ſeems, we Phyſicians of Antiquity were ſtrangely deceiv'd, who fancy'd that the Blood had only a very ſlow Motion from the Heart towards the Extremities of the Body; and the World's oblig'd to you for aboliſhing this antient Error.

Har. I think I have a Right to pretend ſo, and this Obligation ought to be acknowledg'd the greater, in that I am the Perſon who, by this means, have open'd the way for all the curious Diſcoveries which are made at preſent in Anatomy. Since I have found out the Circulation of the Blood, 'tis now a Matter of Emulation

who

who ſhall find out a new Conveyance, a new Canal, or a new Reſervatory: It appears as if the whole Man were new caſt. Behold then what Advantages our Modern Art of Phyſick has over yours! You undertook to cure the Body of Man, which at the ſame time you were utter Strangers to.

Eraſi. I confeſs, the Moderns are better Naturaliſts than we, but not better Phyſicians; we cur'd Diſeaſes as well as they. I wiſh I cou'd have given all theſe Gentlemen (and your ſelf in chief) Prince *Antiochus* to cure of his quartan Ague: You know, I ſuppoſe, what Courſe I took; and how I diſcover'd, by his Pulſe, which beat higher than ordinary in the Preſence of *Stratonice*, that he was deſperately in Love with that beautiful Queen, and that his Diſtemper was entirely caus'd by his Violence upon himſelf in endeavouring to conceal his Paſſion; yet I perform'd ſo difficult and conſiderable a Cure as that, without knowing any thing of the Blood's Circulation: And I dare ſwear that you, with all the Aſſiſtance of this Knowledge, wou'd have been ſufficiently puzzl'd in my Place, and have found an untoward Piece of Work on't. There was no occaſion for new Canals, or new Reſervatories: The moſt neceſſary thing to be known in the Patient was the Heart.

Har.

Har. But, with Submiſſion, the Heart is not always the matter to be conſider'd, nor are all ſick Perſons in Love with their Mothers-in-Law, like *Antiochus*. I make no Queſtion but, for want of knowing that the Blood Circulates, you have let abundance of People die under your Hands.

Eraſi. You think then your Modern Diſcoveries of great uſe?

Har. Moſt certainly.

Eraſi. Then, if you pleaſe, anſwer me this ſmall Queſtion — Why do we ſee as great Numbers of the Dead flock hither daily, as ever?

Har. Oh! that's their own Fault, not the Phyſicians.

Eraſi. But this Circulation, theſe Pipes and Canals, theſe Reſervatories — What, do all theſe fine things cure nothing?

Har. Perhaps the World has not had Leiſure yet to apply to particular Uſes what has been but newly diſcover'd. However, 'tis impoſſible but that in time it will produce very great Effects.

Eraſi. No ſuch Revolutions, take my Word for't. There is a certain Meaſure of uſeful Knowledge, which Men attain'd early, which has receiv'd but ſmall Additions, and beyond which they ſhall never be able to advance much, if at all. Such is their Obligation to Nature, for having

having preſented 'em ſo very eaſily with what was their greateſt Concern to know: For, indeed, they muſt have ſuffer'd extreamly, if ſhe had left the Diſcovery of it to the ſlow Reſearches of their Reaſon. But other things, which are not of ſuch Neceſſity, open themſelves by little and little, and in a long Proceſs of Time.

Har. 'Twou'd be ſtrange, if knowing Man better ſhou'd not be a help to cure him better: At this rate who wou'd be at the trouble of bringing to Perfection the Science of Anatomy?—'Twere better to let it all alone.

Eraſi. No—that wou'd be to loſe a great many very agreeable Speculations. But for any thing of uſe, I believe that to find out a new Conduit in Man's Body, or a new Star in the Heav'ns, is much the ſame. Nature has ordain'd, that at appointed Seaſons Men ſhou'd ſucceed to one another by the means of Death: Yet ſhe gives 'em fair Play for their Lives, and ſuffers 'em, for a certain Space, to defend 'em as well as they can. But, beyond this, let 'em make what Diſcoveries they pleaſe in Anatomy, or penetrate ever ſo exactly into the human Fabrick, 'tis in vain, Nature will not be baffl'd; they muſt ſubmit to her Law, and die after the ordinary rate.

DIALOGUE VI.

Berenice *and* Coſmo *the Second of* Medicis.

COSMO of *MEDICIS.*

I Have juſt now been inform'd, by ſome of the Learned lately come hither, of a Piece of News very afflicting to me. You muſt know, *Galileo*, my Mathematician, diſcover'd ſome Planets which make their Courſe round *Jupiter*, and in Honour of me he nam'd 'em *The Stars of* Medicis: But I am told they are no longer known by that Appellation, but are call'd plainly the *Satellites Jovis*. The World ſure is grown very malicious, and envious of one's Glory.

Beren. For certain; I have ſcarce known more remakable Effects of its Malignity.

Coſmo. Ay——you may ſay ſo without Concern, ſince you had much better Luck than I. You made a Vow to cut off your Hair, if *Ptolomy* your Husband return'd victorious from I know not what War; which he did, having quite defeated the Enemy. You conſecrated your Locks in a Temple of *Venus*, and the next Day a Mathematician was pleas'd to make 'em vaniſh,

vaniſh, conjur'd 'em up into Heaven, and proclaim'd that they were metamorphos'd into a Conſtellation, which he call'd *Berenice's Hair.* To make Stars paſs for a Woman's Hair was far meaner than to call new Planets by the Name of a Prince; yet your Hair has found Succeſs, while my poor *Stars of* Medicis have had no Fortune at all.

Beren. If I cou'd make over my Cœleſtial Hair to you, it ſhou'd be freely at your Service, to comfort you: And I'll aſſure you, I'd be ſo generous too as to make no Pretences of your being much oblig'd to me for it.

Coſmo. I ſhou'd think it a very conſiderable Preſent tho'; and I wiſh with all my Soul, my Name were as ſecure of Immortality as yours.

Beren. Alas! if all the Conſtellations bore my Name, what were I the better? That wou'd remain above in Heav'n, but I ſhou'd be as much below here as ever. Mankind is very fantaſtical, they can't ſteal themſelves away from Death, but they wou'd ſteal from her two or three Syllables, which belong to her. A very pretty Trick they think to put upon her! Wou'd it not be much better if they compos'd themſelves for Death with a good Grace,

Grace, and quietly yielded her up both themſelves and their Names?

Coſmo. I'm not of your Mind. People are for dying as little as poſſible, and all mortal as they are, they wou'd faſten upon Life ſtill by Marble Figures, Heaps of Stone, and Inſcriptions upon a Monument. Theſe are the things which, like drowning Men, they graſp at.

Beren. But alas here's the Misfortune! Theſe very things which ſhou'd ſecure us from Death, moulder away, and die too, after their manner. To what then wou'd you fix your Immortality? A City, a Province, nay an Empire can't be reſponſible for it.

Coſmo. 'Tis therefore no bad Invention, that of giving one's Name to the Stars, which laſt for ever.

Beren. And yet it ſhou'd ſeem, by what I hear, that even the Stars themſelves are not to be depended upon, for they ſay new ones appear and old ones vaniſh, and you'll ſee at the long run I ſhall not have a Hair left in the Heav'ns: At leaſt, our Names can hardly avoid a Grammatical Death, if it may be call'd ſo; the Tranſpoſition of a Letter or two will make 'em ſerve for nothing but wrangling among the Criticks. I once ſaw two of the Dead engag'd in a hot Controverſie, and going

up

up to 'em I enquir'd their Names; one (as I was told) was *Conſtantine* the Great, and t'other a Barbarian Emperor. The Diſpute was about the Preference of their paſt Grandeur; *Conſtantine* ſaid he had been Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, the Barbarian that he had been Emperor of *Stamboul*. The firſt, in Praiſe of *Conſtantinople*, ſaid 'twas ſituate upon three Seas, the *Euxine*, the *Thracian Boſphorus*, and the *Propontis*; t'other reply'd that *Stamboul* had the Command of three Seas likewiſe, the *Black Sea*, the *Straits*, and the *Sea of Marmora*. This ſtrange Reſemblance amaz'd *Conſtantine*; but having inform'd himſelf exactly of the Situation of *Stamboul*, he was more ſurpris'd ſtill to find it was *Conſtantinople* it ſelf, which he did not perceive 'till then, by reaſon of the Change of its Name. *Alas*, cry'd he, *I had better have left* Conſtantinople *its firſt Name of* Byzantium: *Who will be able to find out the Name of* Conſtantine *in* Stamboul? *for certain it's drawing to its End.*

Coſmo. In earneſt, this adminiſters ſome Conſolation to me, and I begin to ſubmit my ſelf to Patience. After all, ſince we are not able to excuſe our ſelves from Death, 'tis but reaſonable our Names ſhou'd die too, ſince they are not of better Quality than our ſelves.

D I A-

DIALOGUE VII.

Seneca *and* Marot.

SENECA.

I'M overpower'd with Joy to hear that the *Stoicks* are yet in Being, and that you were a Profeſſor of that Sect.

Mar. Without Vanity, I was more a *Stoick* than you, or *Chriſippus*, or *Zeno* himſelf your Founder. You were each in a Condition to Philoſophize at your Eaſe, eſpecially your ſelf, who liv'd in all abundance. And for the other two, they were never baniſh'd nor thrown into Priſon. But for my ſhare, I endur'd Poverty, Baniſhment, a Jail, and what not? and yet made it appear, that all theſe Evils touch'd only the Body, but cou'd not reach the Mind of a wiſe Man. Grief attack'd me all the Ways poſſible, but had ſtill the Shame to be repuls'd.

Sen. I'm raviſh'd to hear you talk ſo heroically. By your Language alone I ſhou'd know you for a very great *Stoick*. And pray was you not the Admiration of the Age?

Mar. That I was indeed. I did not reſt ſatisfy'd in bearing my Misfortunes pati-

patiently, I went further, and insulted 'em, as I may say, by Raillery. Constancy wou'd have brought Honour enough to another, but I proceeded even to Gayety.

Sen. O *Stoick* Wisdom! Thou art no *Chimera* then, as thou art falsely represented! Thou art really to be found among Men, and here's a Sage who by thee was made no less happy than *Jupiter* himself. Come, let me present you to *Zeno*, and the rest of our Masters; how they'll be transported to see the Fruit of those admirable Lessons with which they bless'd the World!

Mar. You'll much oblige me, in making me known to such Illustrious Dead.

Sen. What shall I tell 'em is your Name?

Mar. Clement Marot.

Sen. Marot? —Sure I know that Name. Have I not heard you talk'd of here among a great many Modern Princes?

Mar. Very likely.

Sen. You writ for their Entertainment several little diverting Poems?

Mar. I did.

Sen. Then after all you were no Philosopher.

Mar. Why not?

Sen. Oh! 'Tis by no means the Business of a *Stoick* to compose Books of Mirth, and study to make People laugh.

Mar. I see you're a Stranger to the Perfections of Mirth. I tell you, all Wisdom is conceal'd in it. There's Ridicule to be drawn out of every thing; I'd undertake, with all the Ease in the World, to draw some out of your Works themselves. But every thing does not produce the Serious, and I defie you ever to turn my Works so as to make 'em yield any. Now does not this shew, that the Ridiculous reigns in all; and that the things of the World are not made to be treated seriously? I have been told, since I came hither, that the divine *Æneis* of your immortal *Virgil* has been turn'd into Burlesque Verse. I am charm'd with the News; 'twas impossible to take a more lucky Way to make it appear that the Magnificent and the Ridiculous are such near Neighbours, that they even touch. Every thing resembles those Inventions in Perspective in which you see broken Figures dispers'd so here and there, that look at 'em from one Point, and they present to you an Emperor; then change your Station, and you see a Beggar.

Sen. I'm sorry for you, that the World did not comprehend that your Buffoon Rhimes were purely contriv'd to lead People into such profound Reflections. You'd have been much more respected, had they known what a great Philosopher you were:

But

But 'twas impoſſible to find it out by the Writings you publiſh'd.

Mar. Suppoſe I had writ mighty Folios, to prove that Impriſonment, Poverty, and Baniſhment, ought not in the leaſt to daſh the Gayety of a wiſe Man, had not theſe been worthy of a *Stoick*?

Sen. Who doubts it?

Mar. Well; and I have made I know not how many Pieces, which prove, that in ſpight of Baniſhment, a Priſon, and a ſlender Subſiſtence, I actually had this Gayety. And pray is not that better?——Your Treatiſes of Morals are only Speculations upon Wiſdom. But my Verſes were a continu'd Practique of it, in all the Variety of my Conditions.

Sen. I'm poſitive your pretended Wiſdom was never the Effect of your Reaſon, but only of your Temper.

Mar. And that's the beſt ſort of Wiſdom in the World.

Sen. Good! They are pretty wiſe Men indeed that are ſo by Temper! If they are not Fools, no Praiſe to them. The Happineſs of being virtuous may ſometimes proceed from Nature, but the Merit of being ſo ariſes only from Reaſon.

Mar. The World has ordinarily but a very indifferent Eſteem of what you call a Merit. For if a Man has any Virtue,

and it can be discover'd that 'tis not natural to him, it passes almost for nothing. One wou'd think, however, that being the Acquisition of much Labour and Application, it shou'd be the more valu'd: But no matter for that, 'tis a meer Effect of his Reason, and there's no trusting it.

Sen. The Inequality of Temper in your wise Men, ought to be trusted yet less. They are wise only by Fits, as it pleases their Blood; and one shou'd know how the interior Parts of their Bodies are dispos'd, to judge how far their Virtue will go. Is it not incomparably better to yield only to the Conduct of Reason, and to render ones self so independent of Nature, as to be in a Condition never to fear its Surprizes?

Mar. I grant you 'twou'd be better, if it were but possible. But here's the Misfortune, Nature always keeps a Guard on her Rights; she has her first Movements in us, which 'tis impossible ever to take from her; and they often make a considerable Advance before Reason takes the Alarm, so that when she stands to her Arms, she finds already a mighty Disorder; and 'tis a Question after all, whether she can ever retrieve it. In truth, 'tis no Surprize to me if I see so many People who never trust to Reason.

Sen.

Sen. Yet ſhe, in the mean time, has the ſole Right to govern Mankind, and to order all things in the Univerſe.

Mar. But ſhe's in a very indifferent Condition to make uſe of her Authority. I have heard, that about a hundred Years after your Death, a *Platonick* Philoſopher deſir'd the Emperor that then reign'd, to let him have a little City of *Calabria*, which lay in Ruins, to rebuild and politize according to the Laws of *Plato*'s Republick, and call it *Platonopolis*. But the Emperor rejected the Philoſopher's Petition, and had not Faith enough in the Reaſon of the divine *Plato*, to entruſt him with the Government of this little inconſiderable City. Judge by this now how Reaſon has loſt its Credit. If ſhe were at all valuable in the World, Men alone are capable of eſteeming her; yet Men, it ſeems, do not value her at all!

DIALOGUE VIII.

Artemisia *and* Raymond Lully.

ARTEMISIA.

STRANGE News this! A Secret, say you, to change all Metals into Gold, call'd the Philosopher's Stone, or the GREAT WORK?

R. Lully. Yes—and I search'd for it a long time.

Artemi. And found it——Did you?

R. Lully. No: But the World all believ'd it, and believes so still. Now, to tell you the Truth, 'tis a meer Chimera.

Artemi. Then why did you search for it?

R. Lully. I knew no better, 'till since I came hither.

Artemi. That, I take it, is staying for one's Wisdom a little of the latest.

R. Lully. I see you have a Mind to railly me; but take notice, by the way, that you and I resemble one another more than you imagine.

Artemi. I—that's a good one!—I resemble you? I, who was a Pattern of conjugal Fidelity! I, who drank off my Husband's Ashes, and erected him a stately Monument! Pray how cou'd I resemble

a Man who ſpent all his Life in ſearching for the Secret of changing Metals into Gold?

R. Lully. Ay, no matter for that. I know what I ſay — And after all the fine things you have boaſted of your ſelf, you were out of your Wits for a young Fellow that did not care a Ruſh for you. To him you ſacrific'd this magnificent Monument which gain'd you ſo much Glory; and the Aſhes of *Mauſolus*, as it happen'd, were found no very effectual Antidote againſt a new Paſſion.

Artemi. How came you, I'd fain know, ſo familiar in my Secrets? This Paſſage of my Life was private enough, I thought. And I cou'd never have imagin'd that the Publick was poſſeſs'd of it.

R. Lully. You'll own then our Deſtinies have ſome Reſemblance, ſince the World has done each of us an Honour we never merited. You, in believing you were faithful to the Manes of your Husband; and me, in believing I had attain'd the GREAT WORK.

Artemi. I own it freely. The Publick is made to be cheated in many things, and we ought to take the Advantage of its Diſpoſition.

R. Lully. But was there nothing more in common to us?

Artemi. I can't tell — I'm not diſpleas'd to reſemble you thus far — What is it?

R. Lully. Did we not both ſearch for a thing which can never be found? You for the Secret of remaining ever faithful to your Husband, and I for that of turning Metals into Gold? I believe there's no great Difference between Conjugal Fidelity and the Philoſopher's Stone.

Artemi. I know there are ſome who have ſo charitable an Opinion of Women, that perhaps they'll think the Philoſopher's Stone not impoſſible enough to enter the Compariſon.

R. Lully. Oh! I'll warrant it as impoſſible as they can deſire.

Artemi. But how comes it then to be ſo eagerly purſu'd? And that you, who ſeem to have been a Man of Senſe, fell into this Diſtraction?

R. Lully. 'Tis true, the Philoſopher's Stone can never be found; yet 'tis very well worth while to ſearch for it. A great many fine Secrets open to us in that Search, which were not look'd for at all.

Artemi. Wou'd it not be better to ſearch for theſe Secrets which can be found, than to be eternally poring after thoſe which never can?

R. Lully. All the Sciences have their Chimera, which they're ſtill purſuing, without

out the Poſſibility of laying hold of it, but in the Chaſe they lay hold of other Diſcoveries which are very uſeful. Chymiſtry, for Example, has its Philoſopher's Stone, Geometry its Quadrature of the Circle, Aſtronomy its Longitude, the Mechanicks their perpetual Motion. 'Tis impoſſible to find all this, but very uſeful to ſearch for it. I'm talking, perhaps, a Language you don't well underſtand, but you underſtand at leaſt that Morality has its Chimera too, and that's Diſintereſt, perfect Friendſhip. 'Tis never attain'd, yet 'tis uſeful to pretend to attain it. For, by this at leaſt, Men arrive at many other Virtues.

Artemi. Once again, I ſhou'd think, 'twere beſt to leave all Chimera's, and apply one's ſelf only to the Search of what is real.

R. Lully. Do you believe that?—'Tis fit that in every thing Men ſhou'd propoſe a Point of Perfection beyond their reach. They wou'd never put themſelves in the Road, if they expected to arrive only where they actually arrive: They muſt have in view an imaginary Stage to animate 'em. If I had been certainly told that Chymiſtry wou'd never be able to inſtruct me to make Gold, I ſhou'd have ſlighted the Study. If you had been aſſur'd that the extream Fidelity, upon which you

you valu'd your ſelf in regard to your Husband, was by no means natural, you wou'd not have been at the Expence of honouring *Mauſolus*'s Memory with a magnificent Monument. All Courage wou'd be loſt, if not ſuſtain'd by falſe Ideas.

Artemi. Then 'tis not unuſeful that Men be deceiv'd?

R. Lully. Unuſeful! If by Miſchance the Truth diſcover'd her ſelf ſuch as ſhe is, all were ruin'd. But 'tis plain ſhe knows of what Conſequence it is, and therefore ſhe always keeps her ſelf in ſome manner hid.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IX.

Apicius *and* Galileo.

APICIUS.

AH! how ſorry am I that 'twas not my Luck to be born in your Age!

Gal. According to the Notion I have of your Humour, the Age you liv'd in fitted you much better. Your whole Inclination was delicious eating, and you happen'd into the World, and into *Rome* too, a very good Part of it, juſt when ſhe was the undiſturb'd Miſtreſs of the Earth, when from all Parts were daily brought the choiceſt Fowl and Fiſh, and the Globe ſeem'd to have been conquer'd by the *Romans* only for the Luxury of furniſhing their Tables.

Apic. But mine was an ignorant Age, and had there been but one Man of your Genius, I'd have march'd barefoot to the World's End to find him. Travelling was nothing with me. Do you know the Tour I made in queſt of a delicate ſort of Fiſh I had taſted at *Minturnum* in *Campania?* They told me this Fiſh was much larger in *Africa;* immediately I fitted out a Veſſel, and away for *Africa!* The Voyage was difficult

difficult and full of Danger; upon the *African* Coaſt I was met by a whole Fleet of Fiſhermen, who had been warn'd of my Expedition, and brought me good ſtore of the Fiſh which occaſion'd it. I found 'em no bigger than thoſe of *Minturnum*; and the ſame Minute, without being touch'd with the leaſt Curioſity towards a Country I had never ſeen, or mov'd with the Importunity of my Men, who begg'd hard for a little Refreſhment aſhore, I order'd the Pilots to ſteer back for *Italy*. And d'ye think I wou'd not much rather have taken this Pains to find you?

Gal. I ſhall never gueſs for what. I was a poor Scholar, of a plain frugal Life, always engag'd with the Stars, and very unskill'd in *Ragous*.

Apic. But you invented Optick Glaſſes to extend the Sight. And in Imitation of you, I'm told ſomebody did the ſame good Office for the Ear, and made a ſort of Trumpets to redouble and thicken the Voice: In ſhort, you perfected the Senſes, and taught others to do the ſame. I ſhou'd have requeſted you to have taken ſome Pains about the Senſe of Taſte, and to have thought of ſome Inſtrument to encreaſe the Pleaſure of eating.

Gal. Very well: As if the Taſte had not naturally all the Perfection 'tis capable of!

Apic.

Apic. Why muſt it be ſuppos'd to have more than the Sight?

Gal. The Sight is very perfect too; Men have admirable good Eyes.

Apic. How's that!——Which are the bad Eyes then that need the Aſſiſtance of your Glaſſes?

Gal. Your Philoſophers Eyes—Thoſe People whoſe Concern 'tis to know whether the Sun has Spots, whether the Planets move round their own Centre, whether the Milky Way is compos'd of little Stars, and the like; theſe are all purblind: But the reſt of Mankind, that never trouble their Heads about ſuch Speculations, have an incomparable Perfection of Sight. If you'd only enjoy Things, nothing is wanting to compleat your Enjoyment; if you can't be content without knowing 'em, you want all. And thus ſtands the Difference between common Men and Philoſophers, Art has no new Inſtruments to give to the one, and can never find the other Inſtruments enough.

Apic. I'm content that Art furniſh no new Inſtruments to the common ſort of Men to help 'em to eat finer, but I'd have her furniſh ſome to Philoſophers, as it has given 'em Glaſſes to ſee better, and then I ſhou'd think Philoſophy had well rewarded the Pains ſhe coſts 'em. For in ſhort, what

is

is she good for if she don't make Discoveries, and what need is there of Discoveries, if not for Pleasures?

Gal. This is an old Complaint.

Apic. But since Reason sometimes makes new Acquisitions, why do not the Senses too? I'm sure 'twou'd be to better purpose.

Gal. If the Senses did so, they wou'd be of less value. They are so perfect, that they found at first all the Pleasures which cou'd entertain 'em: And if Reason discovers new Knowledge, 'tis a matter of Complaint, and shews she was naturally very imperfect.

Apic. What d'ye say then to the Kings of *Persia*, who propos'd vast Rewards to those who shou'd invent new Pleasures?

Gal. I say (with Submission) they were Fools. I'll engage they never ruin'd their Revenue by it. Invent new Pleasures! they shou'd first have created new Wants.

Apic. How!——Shou'd every Pleasure be founded upon a Want? I'd e'en quit both rather. Then Nature wou'd have given us nothing *gratis?*

Gal. Can I help it?——But you, who condemn my Notion, have more Interest than any Body in the Truth of it. If there were new Pleasures, wou'd you ever be easie to think you were not reserv'd to live in the last Ages, that so you might have the

the Advantage of all the Diſcoveries of the former? As for new Knowledge, I know you'll never envy its Poſſeſſors.

Apic. I yield to your Opinion, which is more to my Taſte than I imagin'd. New Knowledge, I perceive, is no ſuch mighty Booty, ſince 'tis left to any that will ſeize it, and Nature has taken no Care that Men in all Ages ſhou'd ſhare it alike: But Pleaſures are of greater Value; it wou'd be too partial to let one Age have more than another, and for this Reaſon they are diſtributed in a juſt Equality.

DIALOGUE X.

Plato *and* Margaret *of* Scotland.

MARGARET of *SCOTLAND.*

COME to my Aid, Divine *Plato*!— I conjure you take my Part here!

Plato. Why?— What's the matter?

M. of *Scot.* 'Tis only about a Kiſs, which in a Tranſport of Satisfaction I gave to a learned Man, but very ugly. 'Tis in vain for me to repeat, in my Defence, what I ſaid upon the Occaſion, that I long'd to kiſs that Mouth which had ſpoke ſo many fine

fine Things. Here's I know not how many Ghosts make a Ridicule of me, and pretend to maintain that such Favours are only for handsome, not fine speaking Mouths, and that Learning ought not to be paid in the same Coin with Love. Pray will you convince these Gentlemen-Ghosts that what is most worthy of the Passions is invisible, and that we may be charm'd with Beauty, ev'n thro' a very deform'd Case of Flesh, with which it may chance to be cover'd.

Plato. How can you ask me to say such a ridiculous thing? There is not a Word of Truth in't.

M. of *Scot.* Bless me!——Why you've said it a thousand and a thousand times.

Plato. Ay;—that was in my Life-time. I was a Philosopher, and had a Mind to talk of Love; the *Decorum* of my Character wou'd not have allow'd me to talk of it like the Authors of the * *Milesian Tales*; and therefore I wrapt up those Matters in the Jargon of Philosophy, as in a Cloud, that they might not appear to all the World for what indeed they were.

M. of *Scot.* I'm confident you never had such a Thought. You certainly meant some other than the common Love, since you

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* *The Romances of that Time.*

you have ſo glorioufly deſcrib'd the Journies made by winged Souls in Chariots to the extreme Vault of Heav'n, where they contemplate Beauty in its Eſſence; their unhappy Fall from ſo vaſt an Elevation to the diſtant Earth, occaſion'd by the Unruline ſs of one of their Horſes; the tearing of their Wings; their Manſion in the Body, and what befals 'em on their meeting with a beautiful Countenance, which they preſently know for a Copy of that Beauty they have ſeen above. The Recovery of their Wings, which begin to ſhoot out again, and with which they endeavour a Flight towards what they love. In fine, that Confuſion and Terror which ſeizes 'em upon Sight of the Beauty they know to be divine. That holy Madneſs which tranſports 'em, and that Deſire which incites 'em to ſacrifice to the Object of their Love, as to the immortal Gods.

Plato. Upon my honeſt Word now, all this, well underſtood and faithfully interpreted, ſignifies in plain Speech no more, than that handſome Perſons are apt to inſpire a thouſand Tranſports.

M. of *Scot.* But according to your Notion the Soul does not reſt in corporeal Beauty, which ſerves but to revive the Memory of a Beauty infinitely more charming. Wou'd it be poſſible that all thoſe

lively Emotions you have pictur'd, were caus'd only by full Eyes, a little Mouth, and a freſh Complexion? Ah let 'em have the Beauty of the Soul for their Object, if you'd juſtifie 'em, and your ſelf in painting 'em!

Plato. Shall I tell you the Truth? The Beauty of the Wit excites Admiration; that of the Soul, Eſteem; and that of the Body, Love. Eſteem and Admiration are calm enough, 'tis Love only is impetuous.

M. of *Scot.* Sure Death has made you a Libertine,—for in your Life-time you not only ſpoke another ſort of Language about Love, but you practis'd too the ſublime Ideas you had conceiv'd of it. Don't you remember you were in Love with *Arqueanaſſa* of *Colophos* in ſpight of old Age? And pray did not you make theſe Verſes on her?

Arqueanaſſa *does inſpire*
In my Breaſt a Lover's Fire:
Age, its feeble Spight diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her Face;
Cupids, *in each Wrinkle playing,*
Charm my Eyes with laſting Grace.
But before old Time purſu'd her,
E'er he ſunk theſe little Caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in Youth were made her Slaves!

Now

Now who can believe but this Troop of Loves, that play'd in the Wrinkles of *Arqueanaſſa*, muſt have been the Charms of her Wit, which Age had brought to Perfection? You bewail'd thoſe who ſaw her in her Youth, becauſe her Beauty made too great Impreſſions on 'em, and you were enamour'd with that Merit in her which cou'd not be deſtroy'd by Years.

Plato. I'm oblig'd to you for being willing to put ſo favourable a Conſtruction on a ſmall Satire I made upon *Arqueanaſſa*, who, old as ſhe was, thought to make me love her. No—my Paſſions, I aſſure you, were not ſo Metaphyſical as you imagine, as I have other Verſes to convince you. And while I'm repeating 'em, if I were yet living, I'd obſerve the idle Ceremony which I make my *Socrates* to uſe when he's about to ſpeak of Love; I'd cover my Face, and you ſhou'd not hear me but thro' a Vail. But here we have no need of ſuch Formalities. My Verſes are theſe:

With Pity mov'd, when generous Agathis
Rewards her Lover with an eager Kiſs,
Swift to my Lips my trembling Soul I feel
Tranſported flies, and thence to hers wou'd
ſteal.

M. of *Scot.* How!—Is this *Plato?*

Plato. The very ſame.

M. of *Scot.* What, *Plato?* With his ſquare Shoulders, his grave Air, and all that Philoſophy he carry'd in his Head? Had *Plato* a Taſte for ſuch ſort of Kiſſes?

Plato. Ay — he had.

M. of *Scot.* But do you conſider then, that the Kiſs I gave my Man of Science was all purely Philoſophical, which yours to your Miſtreſs was not at all; ſo that I perſonated your Character, and you mine.

Plato. I grant it. Philoſophers are gallant; while ſuch as ſhou'd ſeem to have been born for Gallantry affect to be Philoſophers. We let thoſe run after the Chimeras of Philoſophy who don't know 'em; and we, in the mean time, make a Stoop at what is more real.

M. of *Scot.* I ſee I was miſtaken in my Man, when I call'd upon the Lover of *Agathis* to juſtifie my Kiſs. Nay, if I had happen'd to be in Love with this learned Piece of Deformity, I ſhou'd have been yet more to ſeek, for any Vindication from you. However, 'tis certain Wit by it ſelf can create Paſſions, which is a good Article for the Women, and a ſaving Card for ſuch as are not handſome.

Plato. I don't know whether Wit can create Paſſions, but this I know, it often puts the Body into a Capacity of raiſing 'em

'em without the Help of Beauty, and gives it an Agreeableneſs which it wanted. And for Proof of this, we ſee the Body muſt contribute its Share, and always furniſh ſomewhat of its own, as Youth at leaſt; for if it does not aſſiſt it ſelf at all, Wit is of no Uſe to it.

M. of *Scot.* As if Love muſt have always ſomewhat Material!

Plato. 'Tis its Nature. Give it, if you pleaſe, Wit for its ſole Object, and ſee what you'll gain by't. You'll be ſurpriz'd to find it immediately returning to Matter. If you lov'd only the Wit of your Philoſopher, for what Reaſon did you kiſs him? 'Tis, that the Body is allotted to reap the Profit of the Paſſions, even which the Wit it ſelf has inſpir'd.

DIALOGUE XI.

Strato *and* Raphael Urbin.

STRATO.

I Little expected that the Counsel I gave my Slave wou'd have produc'd such happy Effects; when I was above, it gain'd me at once my Life and a Kingdom, and it procures me the constant Admiration of all the Sages here below.

R. Urb. Pray what was that Counsel?

Stra. I was of *Tyre*. All the Slaves of this City rebell'd, and cut their Masters Throats, except my Slave, who had the Humanity to spare my Life, and to cover me from the Fury of all the rest. They agreed that he amongst 'em shou'd be chosen King who on a certain Day first perceiv'd the Sun rise. They assembl'd in a Field, and the Multitude had their Eyes fix'd on the East: But my Slave, as I had instructed him, look'd full West. The rest, you may be sure, laugh'd at him for a Fool: However, with his Back turn'd on them, he spy'd the first Sun-Beams on the Top of a very high Tower, while his Fellows were still staring after the Body of the Sun in the East. The Subtilty of his

Wit

Wit was much admir'd, but he ingenuouſly confeſs'd he ow'd it to me, and that I was yet alive. So I was immediately choſen King, as if I had been ſomething more than human.

R. Urb. The Counſel you gave your Slave prov'd very lucky to you, but I don't ſee 'twas to be admir'd.

Stra. All the Philoſophers here will anſwer for me, that I taught my Slave what every wiſe Man ought to practiſe, which is, that to diſcover the Truth you are to turn your Back on the Multitude. And that common Opinions are always the Rules of ſound Concluſions, provided you take 'em in a contrary Senſe.

R. Urb. Ay — thoſe Gentlemen talk very well as Philoſophers; 'tis their Trade to ſcandalize common Opinions and Prejudices, — and yet there's nothing more convenient nor uſeful.

Stra. By your Diſcourſe one wou'd gueſs you had found your Account in following 'em.

R. Urb. No — I aſſure you I'm very diſintereſted in the Matter; for Prejudices, tho' I declare for 'em, expos'd me to much Ridicule in the World. At *Rome* they were very buſie in digging out Statues from ſome Ruins, and I being a good Painter and Sculptor was choſen to judge

if they were Antique. *Michael Angelo*, my Rival, made privately a very fine Statue of *Bacchus*; when 'twas finish'd he broke off a Finger of it, and bury'd the Figure in a Place where he knew they wou'd dig. As soon as 'twas found I pronounc'd it an Antique: *Michael Angelo* maintain'd 'twas Modern. I insisted chiefly upon the Beauty of the Statue, which, according to the Rules of Art, was worthy of the Hand of a *Grecian*; and in the Heat of the Controversie I run this *Bacchus* up to the Time of *Policletus* or *Phidias*. At last *Michael Angelo* produces the broken Finger, and that was a Reasoning which wou'd admit of no Answer. I was laugh'd at for my Prepossession, but what cou'd I have done without it? I was made a Judge, and that Character, you know, obliges one to a Decision.

Stra. You shou'd have decided according to Reason.

R. Urb. Does Reason then decide? I shou'd never have known, by consulting her, whether the Statue was ancient or modern; I shou'd only have known it was very fine. But here comes Prejudice to my Aid, and tells me that a fine Statue must needs be an Antique; this is a Decision, and I give Judgment.

Stra.

Stra. 'Tis not ſtrange if Reaſon furniſh no inconteſtable Principles upon Matters of ſuch little Importance; but upon all that regards the Conduct of Men, her Deciſions are very certain, and the only Misfortune is that ſhe's ſeldom conſulted.

R. Urb. Let's conſult her then upon any Point, to ſee what ſhe'll eſtabliſh. Let's ask her whether People ſhou'd weep or laugh at the Death of their Friends and Relations. She tells you, on one ſide, *they're loſt to you,—weep then.*——On the other, *they are deliver'd out of the Miſeries of Life,—therefore laugh.* Theſe are the Anſwers of Reaſon. But the Cuſtom of the Country ſoon determines this. We weep, if that commands us, and ſo heartily too that we have not the leaſt Notion that it were poſſible to laugh on ſuch an Occaſion: Or we laugh ſo heartily, that we can't conceive how it were poſſible to weep.

Stra. Reaſon is not always ſo irreſolute. She leaves that only to be executed by Prejudice, which 'tis not worth her while to execute: But upon how many very conſiderable Affairs has ſhe moſt exact Ideas, from whence ſhe deduces equal Conſequences?

R. Urb. Theſe exact Ideas are but a very ſmall Number, or I'm much miſtaken.

Stra.

Stra. No matter for that. 'Tis to them alone an entire Faith is due.

R. Urb. That's impoſſible; ſince Reaſon propoſes too ſmall a Number of certain Maxims, and the Mind is made to believe more. So that the Surplus of its Credulity goes to the Advantage of Prejudices, and falſe Opinions come in to fill up the Vacancy.

Stra. And what Occaſion is there to throw ones ſelf into Error? Can't a Man, in doubtful Matters, ſuſpend his Judgment? Reaſon ſtops when ſhe is at a Loſs which Path to take.

R. Urb. True. In that Caſe ſhe has no other Secret to prevent her loſing her Way, than not to move one Step further. The Road divides into two, and there ſhe remains at a Stand. But this is a violent Poſture to the Mind of Man, it is naturally in Motion and muſt proceed. All the World are not qualify'd to doubt, there muſt be Knowledge to arrive at that, and Force to hold there. Beſides, Doubt is void of Action, and Men muſt be in Action.

Stra. Therefore People ought to retain the Prejudices of Cuſtom, that they may act like Men. But to get rid of the Prejudices of the Underſtanding, in order to act like wiſe Men.

R. Urb.

R. Urb. 'Tis better to retain all. Perhaps you don't know the two Anſwers of the old *Samnite* to his Countrymen, who ſent to ask his Advice what they ſhou'd do when they had inclos'd in a narrow Paſs the *Romans*, their mortal Enemies, and had it in their Power to do with 'em what they pleas'd. He anſwer'd, that they ſhou'd put 'em all to the Sword. This Counſel ſeem'd too harſh and cruel, and the *Samnites* ſent once more to remonſtrate the Inconvenience of it. He reply'd then that they ſhou'd give 'em all their Lives without Conditions. They follow'd neither of his Directions, and they paid for their Folly. 'Tis the ſame with Prejudices; keep 'em all, or exterminate all; elſe thoſe you put away will make you diſtruſt all the Opinions you retain. The Misfortune of being deceiv'd in many things, will be no longer balanc'd by the Pleaſure of being deceiv'd unknowingly. And in ſhort, you'll neither have the Lights of Truth, nor the Charms of Error.

Stra. If there is no way to avoid the Alternative you propoſe, one need not pauſe which Side to take: Men muſt rid themſelves of all Prejudices.

R. Urb. But Reaſon clears the Mind of all its old Opinions, without ſubſtituting any

any others in their Room. She makes a kind of Vacuum in it, and who can bear that? No;——together with that ſmall Share of Reaſon which Men poſſeſs, they muſt have their *Quantum* of Prejudices too, as uſual. Prejudices are the Supplement of Reaſon. All that is deficient on one Side is made up on the other.

DIALOGUE XII.

Lucretia *and* B. Plomberg.

B. PLOMBERG.

YOU'LL ſcarce believe me now, yet there's nothing more true: The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth had an Affair with the Princeſs I nam'd, and I ſerv'd as a Blind. But that was not all. The Princeſs deſir'd me to be Mother to a young Prince that was born; and to oblige her I conſented. I ſee I have ſurpriz'd you!—Have you not heard ſay, that whatever Merit People have, they ought to be ſuperior to it by the little value they put upon it? That your Wits, for Inſtance, ought to be above their own Talent? For

my

my part, I was above my Virtue, I had more than I car'd for.

Luc. Phoo—you play the Fool; one can never have too much.

B. Plom. In earneſt, if I might be ſent into the World again, upon Condition I ſhou'd be the moſt accompliſh'd of all my Sex, I am confident I ſhou'd refuſe the Offer. My Perfections, I know, wou'd pique a great many others, and I ſhou'd be eternally wiſhing for ſome Defect, for the Conſolation of thoſe I were to live with.

Luc. It ſeems then, that in pure good Nature to the Women of leſs Virtue, you were pleas'd to qualifie yours.

B. Plom. I qualify'd the Appearance of it, leſt they ſhou'd have look'd upon me as their Accuſer to the Publick, if they had thought me more ſevere than themſelves.

Luc. They were highly oblig'd to you, eſpecially the Princeſs, who was particularly happy in finding a Mother for her Children. And did ſhe put but one upon you?

B. Plom. No.

Luc. I'm amaz'd! She might have made more uſe of ſo commodious a Friend, for it ſeems you never troubl'd your ſelf with Reputation.

B. Plom.

B. Plom. Now prepare to wonder.—— Know then, that this Indifference for my Reputation was lucky to me. The Truth diſcover'd it ſelf, in ſpight of all my Care; and 'twas found that the young Prince was none of mine. People did me more Juſtice that I deſir'd, and it ſeem'd as if they reſolv'd to make me a double Reparation for my having been ſo little oſtentatious of my Virtue; and for my Generoſity in excuſing the Publick from paying me the Eſteem which was my due.

Luc. A very pretty ſort of Generoſity! There's no Abatement to be made to the Publick in that Article.

B. Plom. How?—'Tis very humorous, let me tell you, and often ſtrives to revolt from thoſe that pretend too imperiouſly to exact its Eſteem. You, of all the World, ſhou'd know this beſt. There have been ſome ſo ſtrangely affronted at your extravagant Ardour for Glory, that they have done their Endeavour to leſſen, as much as poſſible, the mighty Merit of your Death.

Luc. And which way cou'd they attack ſo heroick an Action?

B. Plom. How do I know!—I think they ſay you play'd the Heroine a little of the lateſt. That your Death wou'd have been much more *a propos*, if you had not ſtay'd for the Raviſher's laſt Efforts: But

that

that you ſeem'd loth to kill your ſelf Hand over Head, and not know for what. In fine, the World appears to have done you Juſtice with Regret, and me with Pleaſure; perhaps becauſe you were too haſty in the Purſuit of Glory, and I let it come without wiſhing for.

Luc. Add too, that you did all you cou'd to hinder it.

B. Plom. Well; and is the Merit of Modeſty nothing? I had ſo much as to be willing to conceal my Virtue. You, on the contrary, were for making a Parade with yours. You wou'd not kill your ſelf, but in Form, with all your Family about you. Is not Virtue then content to be her own Witneſs? And ſhou'd not great Souls deſpiſe this Phantom, Glory?

Luc. Have a care of that; 'tis too dangerous a Piece of Wiſdom. This Phantom, as you call it, is the moſt powerful thing in the World. 'Tis the Soul of all, 'tis preferr'd to every thing, and do but obſerve how it peoples the *Elizian* Plains. Glory ſends us more Multitudes hither than a Feaver. I have ſome Right to ſay ſo; for I was my ſelf of the Number.

B. Plom. You ought then to paſs for a Fool with the reſt, you that dy'd of that vain Diſtemper. For from the firſt Mo-

ment

ment one is here, all the Glory in the World does one no good.

Luc. True — but 'tis one of the Secrets of this Place — and the Living ought never to know a Word of it.

B. Plom. Why — what's the Harm if they part with an Idea that deceives 'em?

Luc. Then Farewel all Heroick Actions.

B. Plom. No; People wou'd perform 'em out a Principle of Duty, and that's a nobler View; 'tis founded upon Reason.

Luc. And 'tis that makes it too weak. Glory is founded upon the Imagination, and is therefore much more powerful. Even Reason it self wou'd not approve that Men shou'd submit themselves to her Conduct alone, she's too sensible how much she needs the Assistance of the Imagination. When *Curtius* was just going to sacrifice himself for his Country, and to ride arm'd into the Gulf that open'd in the middle of *Rome*, had it been said to him, *'Tis your Duty now to leap into this Abyss, but be assur'd no Body will ever speak a Word of your Exploit* — in earnest I'm afraid *Curtius* wou'd have turn'd back his Horse. For my own part, I won't swear I shou'd have kill'd my self upon the bare View of my Duty. For what? I shou'd have thought my Duty not touch'd by the Rape; or at most, that it might have been satisfy'd with

with Tears. But for a glorious Name the Dagger was neceſſary, and ſo I ſtabb'd my ſelf.

B. Plom. Shall I tell you my Opinion of the Matter? I ſhou'd think theſe great Actions might as well be omitted, as perform'd out of ſo falſe a Principle as that of Glory.

Luc. Not ſo faſt, I beſeech you — All Duties are fulfill'd, tho' not as Duties. All great Actions, which 'tis fit Men ſhou'd perform, are perform'd: In a Word, the Order which Nature wou'd eſtabliſh in the World has its Courſe; and there's no more to be ſaid, but this, What ſhe cou'd not have obtain'd of our Reaſon, ſhe obtains of our Folly.

FONTENELLE's

DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

MODERN.

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Anne *of* Britany, *and* Mary *of* England.

ANNE of *BRITANY.*

FOR certain my Death was a ſingular Pleaſure to you, ſince you paſs'd the Sea immediately to marry *Louis* XII. and take Poſſeſſion of the Throne I left vacant. Yet you had but little Enjoyment of it; and that very Youth and Beauty, which captivated the King ſo extravagantly, and

made him ſo eaſily forget the Loſs of me, reveng'd my Quarrel on you, for they haſten'd on his Death, and diſappointed you of being long a Queen.

M. of *Eng.* It's true, Royalty ſhew'd it ſelf like an Apparition to me, and vaniſh'd in an Inſtant.

A. of *Bri.* And, after this, you became Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*; a very fair Fall!—But I (Thanks to my Stars) had a better Deſtiny; for when *Charles* VIII. dy'd, I loſt not my Royalty by his Deceaſe, but marry'd his Succeſſor, a peculiar Inſtance of good Fortune.

M. of *Eng.* Will you believe me now, if I tell you I never envy'd you in the leaſt this good Fortune?

A. of *Bri.* No indeed——I apprehend too well, what 'tis to be Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*, after having been Queen of *France.*

M. of *Eng.* But I lov'd my Lord of *Suffolk.*

A. of *Bri.* No matter for that—Is it poſſible for one who has taſted the Pleaſures of Royalty, to reliſh any others?

M. of *Eng.* Yes—provided they are thoſe of Love. I declare to you that you had no Reaſon to wiſh me ill, becauſe I ſucceeded you; had I been always Miſtreſs of my Fate, I wou'd have been no other than Dutcheſs of *Suffolk.* I return'd im-

medi-

mediately into *England*, very well ſatisfy'd to take up this Title, when I was free from that of Queen.

A. of *Bri.* Sure you're not of ſo mean a Spirit.

M. of *Eng.* I confeſs Ambition was not my Taſte. Nature has furniſh'd Humankind with Pleaſures that are plain, eaſy, and ſerene; and their Imagination has created 'em ſuch as are perplex'd, uncertain, and hard to come by: But Nature certainly is more ingenious to chooſe Pleaſures for 'em, than they for themſelves, why then do they not leave the Care of it to her? She has invented Love, a moſt agreeable one, and they have found out Ambition, of which there was no need.

A. of *Bri.* Who told you they found out Ambition? The Deſires of Greatneſs and Command are no leſs inſpir'd by Nature, than the ſoft Inclination of Love.

M. of *Eng.* Ambition is eaſily known for a Child of the Imagination, it wears ſuch lively Marks of its Father's Features. It is a moſt reſtleſs buſie thing, full of Projects and Chimera's; no ſooner has it come up to its Wiſhes, but it bounds away beyond 'em, and runs a giddy Race which has no Goal.

A. of *Bri.* But Love, for its Misfortune, reaches the Goal too ſoon.

M. of *Eng.* If that ſhou'd be granted, yet all the Conſequence is, Love can make us often happy, but Ambition never; or if it can, yet Pleaſures of that ſort are but for few People, and therefore 'tis not Nature offers 'em, for her Favours are univerſal. Now look upon Love! It's made for the whole World. 'Tis only thoſe miſtaken Wretches that ſeek Happineſs in extravagant Elevations of Grandeur, whom Nature ſeems to have thought unworthy of theſe tender Enjoyments. A King, who has a hundred thouſand Hands at Command, can ſcarce be ſecure of one Heart; and can never be certain whether thoſe Services are not paid to his Quality only, which wou'd freely be perform'd to the Perſon of another. In ſhort, Royalty deprives him of all thoſe Pleaſures, which have the moſt Simplicity in 'em, and the moſt ſoothing Tenderneſs.

A. of *Bri.* You have not prov'd the Condition of Kings much more unhappy for this ſmall Inconvenience you're pleas'd to diſcover in it. To ſee my Will not only follow'd, but even prevented, an Infinity of Fortunes depending on a ſingle Word, which I can pronounce when I pleaſe; ſuch a World of Cares, ſuch endleſs Deſigns, unweary'd Applications, and eager Sollicitude to pleaſe, of which I am the ſole

Object,

Object, certainly with this Consolation I may be satisfy'd, tho' I don't know precisely whether 'tis for my Rank I'm belov'd, or for my Person. But the Pleasures of Ambition, you say, are made but for a few; now that commends 'em to me the more. Singularity in good Fortune is that which most pleases, and such as wear Crowns are singl'd so advantageously from the Condition of other People, that what they lose in Pleasures common to all the World, is abundantly supply'd in others more sublime.

M. of *Eng.* Alas! do but judge of the Loss they suffer, by the Sensibility with which they entertain these plain and common Pleasures when any one presents it self to 'em. Will you please to hear a pleasant Relation which I had t'other Day from a Princess of my own Blood, who reign'd long and happily in *England*, but unmarry'd. When she gave the first Audience to the *Dutch* Ambassadors, there was in their Retinue a very handsome young Gentleman, who, upon Sight of the Queen, turn'd immediately to those who stood next to him, and spoke something very softly, but with such a peculiar Air, that her Majesty took notice of it, and pretty well gues's'd the Matter too; for Women have an admirable Instinct, you know.

Three

Three or four Words of this young *Hollander*, tho' ſhe heard not a Syllable of 'em, took up her Thoughts more than a whole Harangue of the Ambaſſadors; and as ſoon as ever they were withdrawn, ſhe reſolv'd to ſatisfie her Curioſity, and commanded thoſe, to whom the Gentleman ſpoke, to tell her what it was. They anſwer'd, with a world of Reſpect, that it wou'd be Preſumption to ſo great a Queen, and excus'd themſelves a great while from repeating it. But at laſt, when ſhe us'd her Authority, ſhe was inform'd that the *Hollander* had ſaid ſoftly, that—*upon his Faith ſhe was a very handſome Perſon, and*——in ſhort, that he added ſome Expreſſions free enough, but very ſprightly, to ſignify ſome certain Wiſhes, and that ſhe was a Woman to his Fancy.——This they related with a great deal of Apprehenſion; but they might have ſpar'd their Fears, for the worſt that follow'd, was only this, That when the Ambaſſadors took their Audience of Leave, ſhe was pleas'd to make the Gallant *Hollander* a conſiderable Preſent. Thus you ſee, that notwithſtanding the Croud of Pleaſures which belong to Pomp and Royalty, this ſmall Pleaſure of being thought handſome made its way through 'em all, and touch'd her very Soul with its Charms.

A. of *Bri.* Yet after all, ſhe wou'd never have been willing to purchaſe it with the Loſs of the others. Whatever's too plain and ſimple, is not accommodated to human Nature. Mankind is not content that Pleaſure ſhou'd only play upon their Senſes with touching Softneſs, unleſs it agitate and tranſport 'em. What's the Reaſon, I beſeech you, that the Paſtoral Life, as the Poets have painted it, adorn'd all with Sweetneſs and pleaſant Simplicity, has only been found in their Works, and wou'd not ſucceed in the Practice?—— 'Tis too ſoft, and has no Variety.

M. of *Eng.* But will you tell me whence it happens, that the Proſpect of the proudeſt and moſt pompous Court in the Univerſe, ſooths the Mind leſs than thoſe ſoft Ideas their Fancies preſent to 'em in ſuch a Life. Certainly 'tis becauſe they were form'd for it.

A. of *Bri.* It ſeems then, that the Enjoyment of your ſimple and ſerene Pleaſures, finds place only among the agreeable Dreams which Men form in their Fancies!

M. of *Eng.* I beg your Pardon!—Tho' 'tis plain that Few have a Taſte good enough to chooſe theſe Pleaſures at firſt, yet they are glad to end with 'em, when they can. And thus the Imagination having weary'd it ſelf in the Round of falſe Objects, returns at laſt to ſuch as are true.

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Charles V. *and* Eraſmus.

ERASMUS.

MAKE no doubt of it—— if there were any Superiority of Place among the Dead, I tell you I wou'd not yield to you an Inch.

Ch. V. How!—— Why, ſhall a Grammarian, a Scholar, and (to equip you with the beſt of your Titles) a Man of Wit, pretend to hold up his Head, and flouriſh it over a Prince that ſaw himſelf Maſter of the beſt Part of *Europe?*

Eraſ. You may put *America* into the Scale too, if you pleaſe, and yet I won't fear you a Jot the more. All this Grandeur was mere Chance-Work, and no more, in ſhort, than a Compoſition of lucky Accidents; and he that ſhall take 'em to pieces, and examine 'em ſeverally, muſt needs make you ſenſible of it too. As for Example—Had *Ferdinand*, your Grandfather, been a Man of his Word, you had ſcarce had a Foot of Land in *Italy*—If any of the other Princes cou'd have found Brains enough to comprehend that there were Antipodes, *Columbus* had ne'er made his

his Applications to him, and *America* had ne'er been a Part of your Inheritance—If after the Death of the laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, *Louis* the Eleventh had conſider'd what he did, *Maximilian* had never had *Burgundy* to his Share, nor you the *Low Countries*.—And if *Henry* of *Caſtile*, your Grandmother's Brother, had not lain under a ſcandalous Character among the Women, or if his Spouſe had not been of a Virtue that no Body wou'd ſwear for, her Daughter had paſs'd for his own, and you had been fairly wip'd of the Kingdom of *Caſtile*.

Ch. V. Why, you make me quake with Fear——Methinks I'm even at this Minute loſing *Caſtile*, the *Netherlands*, *America*, or *Italy*.

Eraſ. You may ſpare your Railery!——Among theſe your Anceſtors aforeſaid, cou'd one have been furniſh'd with a little more Wit, and another with a little more Honeſty, 'twou'd have coſt you dear. There is not one Particular I've related, but was neceſſary for the making up of your Fortune, even to the very Impotence of your great Uncle, and the Wantonneſs of your great Aunt. And this, no doubt, is a very ſolid Building that's rais'd on ſuch precarious Foundations!

Ch. V.

Ch. V. In Truth, who can ſtand ſo ſevere a Scrutiny as this? I muſt own that all my Grandeur and Titles vaniſh before you into nothing.

Eraſ. Yet theſe are the Ornaments which you thought made you ſo fine! With what eaſe have I ſtripp'd you of your Feathers! Don't you remember the Story of *Cimon* the *Athenian?* who having taken ſeveral *Perſian* Priſoners, expos'd their Habits to Sale on one ſide of the Way, and their naked Bodies on t'other; now the Habits being very rich, there was a prodigious Croud of Purchaſers about 'em; but how many d'ye think for the Men? —— Not one. In good earneſt, I'm of Opinion that a Multitude of People wou'd fare like theſe *Perſians*, cou'd one ſeparate their Perſonal Merit from the Gifts which Fortune has beſtow'd on 'em.

Ch. V. But what is Perſonal Merit, I pray?

Eraſ. Is that a Queſtion? —— All that's within us, as Wit for Example, and Knowledge.

Ch. V. And from hence you allow we may derive our Glory?

Eraſ. Doubtleſs —— Theſe are not the Goods of Fortune, like Nobility or Riches.

Ch. V. I'm amaz'd at what you ſay! —— Don't the Sciences, I beſeech you, deſcend to

to the Learned in the ſame manner as Riches do to the Men of Fortune, that is, by Succeſſion? I tell ye, you Learned Men inherit the Antients as we do our Fathers; as theſe have left us all we poſſeſs, ſo the other have bequeath'd you all you know. And from hence it comes to paſs, that many Men of Letters have the ſame Veneration for the Traditions of the Antients, that ſome others have for the Lands and Houſes of their Anceſtors, and wou'd take it very ill to have any thing chang'd.

Eraſ. But great Perſons are born Heirs to their Father's Grandeur, ſo are not the Learned to the Knowledge of the Antients. Learning is not an Eſtate which a Man receives by Succeſſion, but an Acquiſition which he makes; or if 'tis a Succeſſion, yet it is ſo hard to come by, that there is room enough left for Glory ſtill.

Ch. V. Well —— pray be pleas'd then to weigh the Pains in acquiring theſe Riches of the Mind, with the Trouble of preſerving thoſe of Fortune, and you'll find the Scales pretty even. For, in ſhort, if Difficulty be only regarded by you, it's a clear Caſe that the Buſineſs and Affairs of the World have more of that, than the quiet Amuſements and Speculations of the Cloſet.

Eraſ.

Eraſ. But we'll wave (if you pleaſe) the Diſpute about Learning, and confine our ſelves to the Topick of Wit. This, at leaſt, is a Poſſeſſion that does by no means depend upon Chance.

Ch. V. Are you ſure of that? What, does not Wit depend upon a certain happy Diſpoſition of the Brain, and is it leſs a Chance to be born with a Brain well temper'd, than to be born the Son of a King? You were a great Wit, I confeſs, but will you do me the Favour to enquire of all the Philoſophers how this came to paſs, and what hinder'd you from being a ſtupify'd Blockhead? 'Twas nothing almoſt, a ſmall Diſpoſition of the Fibres, or ſome ſuch ſlender Matter, which eſcapes the Search of the moſt exact Anatomy. And yet after all, theſe Gentlemen, the Wits, have the Aſſurance to bear us in Hand that theirs are the only Goods independent on Fortune, and think they have a Right, upon that Score, to take Place of all the reſt of Mankind.

Eraſ. It ſeems then, by your Account, the Merit is the ſame, to have good Store of Coin, or a large Share of Wit?

Ch. V. To have Wit is the happieſt Chance of the two, but it's a Chance ſtill.

Eraſ. Why then, in ſhort, all's Chance.

Ch. V.

Ch. V. 'Tis ſo, if by *Chance* we mean a ſecret Diſpoſition and Order which we are not acquainted with. You talk'd, juſt now, of ſtripping Men of their Feathers; I'll be judg'd by your ſelf, if I have not ſtripp'd 'em of finer Feathers than you did. You only robb'd 'em of ſome Advantages of Birth, but I have taken from 'em thoſe of the Mind. If Mankind, before they grew vain upon any thing, wou'd but conſider how far they cou'd make out their Title, there wou'd be no ſuch thing as Vanity in the World.

DIALOGUE III.

Elizabeth, *Queen of* England, *and the Duke of* Alençon.

The DUKE of Alençon.

BUT what did you mean by flattering me ſo long with Hopes that I ſhou'd marry you, when you were reſolv'd in your Soul to come to no Concluſion?

Q. *Eliz.* You have no ſuch particular Cauſe to complain; I ſerv'd ſeveral others juſt ſo, who were in nothing your Infe-

riors. I was indeed the *Penelope* of my Age: You, and the Duke of *Anjou* your Brother, the Arch-Duke and the King of *Sweden*, were all my Suitors, who pleas'd your ſelves with the Hopes of an Iſland much more conſiderable than that of *Ithaca*. I held you in Suſpence for ſeveral Years, and at laſt——I laugh'd at you.

D. of *Alen*. We have ſome certain Perſons here, who wou'd ſcarce allow that you were ſo like *Penelope* as you pretend, not every way at leaſt——But Compariſons, you know, are always defective in ſome Point or other.

Q. *Eliz*. Look you, my Lord,——I never took you for a Wit, and I ſee no reaſon to alter my Opinion of you now—— But, in ſhort, if you had Senſe enough to conſider what you ſay———

D. of *Alen*. Mighty well! this Heroick Air becomes you admirably! But, Compliments apart, (which are idle among the Dead) what an oſtentatious Flouriſhing did you always make about your Virginity, and being a Maiden Queen? Witneſs that great Country in *America*, which you nam'd *Virginia*, in Memory of the moſt ſuſpected of all your Qualities; a Name which wou'd never have paſs'd, had not the Place, by good Luck, been in another World.

World. But no matter for that, for I'm upon another Queſtion; and pray will you give me but one Reaſon for that myſterious Conduct of yours, and all thoſe Projects of Marriage which ended in nothing? Was it becauſe your Father *Henry* VIII. was ſix times marry'd, that you took a Reſolution not to marry at all, as the perpetual Rambles of *Charles* V. taught *Philip* the Second never to ſtir from *Madrid?*

Q. *Eliz.* I might very well ſtand to the Reaſon you have furniſh'd me withal. My Father, in effect, ſpent his whole Life in marrying and unmarrying, in repudiating ſome of his Wives, and beheading others. Now here was the true Secret of my Conduct, that I had obſerv'd there was nothing pleaſanter in the World than to amuſe one's ſelf with forming Deſigns, and making great Preparations, without executing any. Poſſeſſion is always ſhort of Hope, and things never paſs out of Imagination into Reality without loſing conſiderably. When you came into *England* to eſpouſe me, there was nothing but Balls, Feaſts, and continual Rejoycing; nay, I proceeded ſo far as to give you a Ring: And hitherto every thing had as ſmiling a Face as was poſſible, becauſe all this was Preparation and Idea; therefore having thus exhauſted all the Agreeable belonging

to Marriage, I did prudently to ſtop there, and ſend you home again about your Buſineſs.

D. of *Alen.* To ſpeak freely —— your Maxims wou'd never have fitted me. No; I ſhou'd have been for ſomething more than Chimera's.

Q. *Eliz.* Alas! if Chimera's were to be taken from Mankind, what Pleaſure wou'd they have remaining? I ſee plainly now that you did not taſte the moſt agreeable Parts of your Life. But, in Truth, I muſt ſay you were very unhappy for it.

D. of *Alen.* Agreeable? Sure you only railly me —— In all my Life what had I agreeable? I never ſucceeded in any one thing. Four times I was flatter'd with the Hopes of a Crown. Firſt *Poland* was in Proſpect, then *England*, afterward the *Low-Countries*, and laſtly *France* in all Appearance was to have been mine, and yet in Concluſion I was King of nothing.

Q. *Eliz.* Why that now is the very Happineſs which you was not aware of. To be always amus'd with Hopes and imaginary Proſpects, like Viſions of *Fairy-Land*, without any thing real. For you did nothing but prepare for Royalty as long as you liv'd, as I did for Marriage.

D. of *Alen.* But as I'm of Opinion that an actual Marriage wou'd have done you no

no Diſpleaſure, ſo I confeſs a true Royalty wou'd have pleas'd me very well.

Q. Eliz. Alas! Pleaſures are not ſolid enough to bear our plunging into 'em, we muſt be content to play only upon their Surface. They are like thoſe marſhy Grounds which a Man may well enough run lightly over, but if he venture to fix his Foot, they ſink away beneath him.

DIALOGUE IV.

William *of* Cabeſtan *and* Albert Frederick *of* Brandenbourg.

A. FR. of *BRANDENBOURG.*

I Love you the better, methinks, for having been out of your Wits as well as my ſelf. But pray let's have the Hiſtory of your Folly; how came it to paſs?

W. of *Cab.* I was a *Provencial* Poet, much eſteem'd in my Age, and hence aroſe my Misfortune. I fell in Love with a Damſel I had made famous by my Verſes: She took ſuch a Pride in my Poetry, that ſhe was afraid I ſhou'd employ it in Honour of ſomebody elſe; and, in ſhort, to ſecure

my Muſe to her ſelf, ſhe preſented we with a damn'd Potion that turn'd my Brain, and ſpoil'd me for a Verſe-maker for ever.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* Pray how long have you been dead?

W. of *Cab.* About four hundred Years.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* Sure Poets were very ſcarce in your Age, ſince People eſteem'd 'em ſo much, as to poiſon 'em i' that faſhion. I'm ſorry you was not born in my Time, you might have made Verſes upon all the handſome Women in Chriſtendom, and no danger of your being poiſon'd for't.

W. of *Cab.* I believe it: For among all the Wits and Poets that are come hither, I do not hear one complaining he met with the ſame Deſtiny. But pray how was it that you loſt your Wits?

A. Fr. of *Brand.* Troth, in a very rational manner. —— There was a certain King who run mad with having ſeen a Goblin in a Foreſt; but what was that? I had a Viſion, I aſſure you, much more terrible.

W. of *Cab.* And what did you ſee then?

A. Fr. of *Brand.* What? —— Why the dreadful Preparations of my own Nuptials. I was marry'd to *Maria Eleonora* of *Cleves*, and at the Wedding-Feaſt I was muſing upon the Matter, and I made ſuch deep judicious Reflections on Matrimony, that I had not a Drachm of Judgment left.

W. of *Cab.*

W. of *Cab.* Pray had you any ſober Intervals afterward?

A. Fr. of *Brand.* Yes indeed.

W. of *Cab.* So much the worſe; and I was yet more unhappy, for my Wits were reſtor'd entirely.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* I ſhou'd not have call'd that an Unhappineſs.

W. of *Cab.* Why then you know nothing. For when one is once a Fool, 'tis beſt to be a Fool abſolute and for ever. Theſe Alternatives of Reaſon and Folly, and theſe entire Returns of Reaſon, are Misfortunes which attend us leſſer Fools only, who were ſo by Accident. But if you obſerve thoſe which Nature produces every Day in her ordinary Courſe, and which people the World with their Numbers, you'll find 'em always uniform, thorough-pac'd, finiſh'd Fools, that are never cur'd at all.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* For my part, I ſhou'd have fancy'd 'twas beſt to be as little of a Fool as one cou'd.

W. of *Cab.* I find you are not ſenſible of the Advantage of Folly: It hinders a Man from knowing himſelf; and really the Proſpect of one's ſelf is but a very melancholy one. And ſince 'tis never like to be otherwiſe, when we have once loſt it, we ſhou'd never wiſh to recover it one ſingle Moment.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* You talk very prettily, methinks.—Yet never think to perſuade me that there are any ſuch abſolute Fools as you ſpeak of; I believe there are none but ſuch as we were: All the reſt of Mankind have Reaſon; or elſe to loſe one's Wits wou'd be to loſe nothing, and there wou'd be no Diſtinction betwixt Mad-men and Men in their Senſes.

W. of *Cab.* Mad-men are only Fools of a particular Species. For the Follies of Men in general, being of the ſame Nature, do very luckily agree ſo well together, that they ſerve for the ſtrongeſt Ties of Society. Witneſs that ambitious Deſire of Immortality, that falſe Glory, and a thouſand other Principles, which give Motion to all the Affairs that are tranſacted in the World: And none are call'd Fools by all People, but ſome certain Fools who are out of the Game, as it were, and whoſe Folly is not in Tune with the reſt, nor enters into the ordinary Commerce of Life.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* But your Mad-men are ſuch Fools that they often cry Fool at one another, whereas other Men converſe together as wiſe Perſons.

W. of *Cab.* Have a Care what you ſay! I tell you all Men are making Mouths and pointing at one another, and, if you pleaſe,

you

you may obſerve that this is a judicious Eſtabliſhment of Nature. For Inſtance, the ſolitary Man laughs at the Courtier,— but in Recompence he never croſſes his Game at Court. The Courtier ridicules the ſolitary Man, but never diſturbs him in his Retreat. If there were but one Party univerſally acknowledg'd to be the only People of Reaſon, all the World wou'd be for ſtriking in amongſt 'em, and there wou'd be eternally Crouds and Confuſion; therefore 'tis much better they ſhou'd divide into a great many leſs Troops, that do not embaraſs together, but take all their ſeveral Ways, and laugh at one another.

A. Fr. of *Brand.* To deal freely, I find Death it ſelf has not cur'd you, but with all your Reaſoning you're as great a Fool as ever. That curſed Draught will never be out of your Head.

W. of *Cab.* Why that's the Notion now which one Fool ſhou'd have of another. True Wiſdom wou'd too much diſtinguiſh and ſingularize its Poſſeſſors, but the Opinion of Wiſdom puts all Men upon a Level, and yet ſatisfies 'em every whit as well.

DIA-

DIALOGUE V.

Agnes Sorel *and* Roxolana.

A. SOREL.

TO tell you the Truth, I don't understand your *Turkiſh* Gallantry: The Ladies of the *Seraglio* have a domineering ſort of a Lover, that needs only ſay—*'Tis my Pleaſure*—a very blunt way of Courtſhip, where there's no ſuch thing, on one ſide, as gentle Repulſes and ſoft engaging Reſiſtance, nor any Submiſſions or Care to pleaſe on t'other; which is as much as to ſay, that the Sultans and their Sultanas loſe all the agreeable Part of Love.

Rox. How wou'd you have it?—The *Turkiſh* Emperors are extreamly jealous of their Authority, and upon politick Reaſons have neglected theſe refin'd Tenderneſſes, leſt the Ladies, not being in abſolute Dependance, ſhou'd uſurp too great a Pow'r over 'em ſometimes, and meddle too much in their Affairs of State.

A. Sor. Well—and ſuppoſe they did, are they ſure 'twou'd be a Misfortune? Love is ingenious in a thouſand things, and here ſtands the Perſon (tho' I ſay't) who if ſhe had not been Sovereign of the

French

French King's Affections, Heav'n only knows where *France* had been at this Moment. Pray—have you ne'er heard what a wretched Condition our Affairs were in under *Charles* the Seventh, and to what a hopeful Pass all was brought, when the *English* were become Masters of almost the whole Kingdom?

Rox. Yes, that I have; for the History has made a mighty Noise, and I know that a certain Maid was the Deliverer of *France.* But what—— were you, at the same time, the King's Mistress too?

A. Sor. You're in a Mistake; that Maid and I are not at all akin. The King, my Lover, determin'd to leave his Kingdom a Prey to usurping Strangers, and go hide himself in a mountainous Country, whither I had no great Inclination to follow him. I sent for an Astrologer, whom I had been dealing with underhand, who, pretending to have cast my Nativity, told me one Day, in the King's Presence, that as sure as Stars were Stars 'twas my Destiny to inspire a long and lasting Passion into the Heart of a certain great Monarch, and if this did not come to pass he wou'd never trust the Planets more. Immediately I address'd my self to the King, —*Your Majesty will not resent it, I hope, if I take my Leave of you, and withdraw*

to

to the Engliſh *Court, ſince you're reſolv'd to be a King no longer; and you have not yet lov'd me long enough to fulfil this Deſtiny.* Now 'twas the Fear of loſing me made him determine to keep his Crown, and from that Moment he began to re-eſtabliſh himſelf. See here how much *France* was oblig'd to Love; and how amorous and gallant that Nation ought to be in meer Gratitude!

Rox. Very true. But to return to the Maid I was ſpeaking of; pray what was it then ſhe perform'd? Cou'd there be ſo vile a Miſtake in Hiſtory as to attribute to a poor Country Wench the Glory which belong'd to a fine Court Lady, and the King's Miſtreſs?

A. Sor. 'Twou'd not be ſtrange if the Hiſtory had made ſuch a Miſtake. Yet 'tis certain, that Maid animated the Army, but I had firſt animated the King. She found him marching Sword in Hand againſt the *Engliſh*, and then ſhe aſſiſted him conſiderably; but 'twas I firſt rous'd him to that Martial Poſture. In fine, to convince you of the Share I had in this important Affair, let me repeat to you the Teſtimony of one of *Charles* the Seventh's Succeſſors, who was pleas'd to compliment my Memory with theſe four Lines.

Gen-

Gentille Agnés *plus d'honneur tu merite,*
La Cauſe eſtant de France recouvrer
Que ce que peut dedans un Cloitre ouvrer
Cloſe Nonain, ou bien devot Hermit.

Tho' chaſter Maids may lovely Agnes *blame,*
Yet France *recover'd has ſecur'd her Fame;*
And greater Praiſe her Mem'ry ſhall purſue,
Than is to cloiſter'd Nuns or holy Hermits due.

Now what ſay you, *Roxolana*? You muſt confeſs at leaſt that had I been a Sultaneſs, as you were, and had I not had that Authority over *Charles* the Seventh to threaten him as I did, he and his Kingdom had been ruin'd utterly.

Rox. I admire at the Pride you take in this petty Action? 'Twas no ſuch difficult Matter for you that were free and at your own Diſpoſal, to eſtabliſh your ſelf ſuch a Power over the Soul of your Lover. But I ſubjected the Sultan, tho' I was a Slave my ſelf. You made *Charles* VII. King, almoſt without his Conſent; I made *Soliman* (in ſpight of himſelf) my Husband.

A. Sor. How's that? 'Tis ſaid the Sultans never marry.

Rox. I grant it. Yet for all that, I projected to marry *Soliman*, tho' the violent Paſſion he had conceiv'd for me had

ſeveral

ſeveral times been ſatisfy'd before. You ſhall hear a Stratagem far more refin'd than yours. I began to build Temples, and perform ſeveral other Acts of Devotion; in the midſt of which I feign'd a profound Melancholy. A thouſand times and more did the Sultan tenderly enquire the Cauſe. After I had play'd over all the neceſſary Forms, I told him, ſighing, that all my good Deeds, as I had been inform'd by the Doctors, were like to be of no Avail to me; for, ſince I was in the Condition of a Slave, the Merit of 'em was entirely transferr'd to my Lord and Sovereign; and this was the Cauſe of my Melancholy. *Soliman* immediately gave me my Freedom, to this charitable end, that the Merit of my Piety might become my own. But when he thought to enjoy me as he had done before, and treat me as one of the Ladies of the *Seraglio*, I ſurpriz'd him extreamly, and with a mighty ſerious Air begg'd his Pardon, and told him, he had no Right over the Perſon of a free Woman. *Soliman* had a tender Conſcience, and conſults the Point with a certain Doctor of the Law that I had been tampering with before, who, according to my Inſtructions, anſwer'd him; that he ought to be very careful how he aſſum'd any Power over one who was now no longer his Slave and

Pro-

Property; and that in ſhort there muſt be no more meddling without Matrimony. He was now more in Love with me than ever; he had but one way to help himſelf, and that an extraordinary one, and dangerous too for a Sultan; yet he ventur'd it, and marry'd me.

A. Sor. I muſt confeſs, there's a mighty Pleaſure in ſubjecting thoſe who forearm themſelves againſt our Power, and bid us Defiance.

Rox. Ay, ay; Men may ſet the beſt Face upon the Matter; but when we have once taken hold of their Paſſions, we may lead 'em e'en where we pleaſe. Let me, for Example, but take a Turn once more upon the Stage of Life, then give me to my Share the proudeſt and moſt domineering Spark upon Earth, and ſee if I do not humble him into what I pleaſe, provided I am furniſh'd with a great deal of Wit, a ſufficient Stock of Beauty, and a *Modicum* of Love.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Joan I. *Queen of* Naples, *and* Anſelm.

JOAN of NAPLES.

WHAT! can you foretel me nothing? Sure you ha'nt forgot all your Aſtrology?

Anſelm. How d'ye think 'tis poſſible to put it in Practice? Here's neither Sky nor Stars.——

J. of *Naples.* No Matter; I'll excuſe you from obſerving the Rules ſo preciſely.

Anſelm. A very pretty Fancy! for a dead Man to make Prophecies!——But upon what, I beſeech you?

J. of *Naples.* Upon my ſelf, and what concerns me.

Anſelm. Good!——you're dead, and like to continue ſo to Eternity; that's all I can Propheſie of you. D'ye think our Condition or Affairs here may change?

J. of *Naples.* No, but that's my Affliction. And tho' I'm convinc'd nothing more will happen to me, yet methinks if you cou'd find but a way to foretel me ſomething or other, 'twou'd divert me ſtrangely. You can't imagine what an Uneaſineſs 'tis, to have no Scenes of Futurity to look upon,

on, no Accidents to come — For Pity's ſake, one poor Prediction! and let it be e'en what you pleaſe.

Anſelm. By this reſtleſs Curioſity of yours, I ſhou'd take you for one of the Living; 'tis the very Humour that poſſeſſes all above. There People can't ſit down contented with what they are, but are mad to anticipate what they ſhall be; but certainly here we ought to be wiſer.

J. of *Naples.* Alas! have they not Reaſon? The Preſent is but a Point of Time, and 'twou'd be hard indeed if their Views muſt terminate there: Is it not better to extend the Proſpect as far as they can, and to gain ſomething from Futurity?

Anſelm. And what's the Conſequence? Like extravagant Heirs, they borrow ſo much upon the Time to come, by their Hopes and Imagination, that when 'tis ariv'd they find the Stock exhauſted, and nothing left to entertain 'em; and yet the ſame Impatience remains to plague 'em ſtill. Futurity is the great Decoy of Mankind, and we Aſtrologers are beſt acquainted with their Weakneſs. Therefore we amuſe 'em with confident Stories, that there are Signs hot and cold, Male and Female; that ſome Planets are good, ſome evil, and others indifferent of themſelves, but take their Character from ſuch as they're in

Conjunction with. And all this Stuff paſſes very currently with 'em, becauſe 'tis thought to lead 'em into the Knowledge of the future.

J. of *Naples*. Well, and don't it? A pretty Jeſt, methinks! that you, who have been my Aſtrologer, ſhou'd bewray your own Art.

Anſelm. Hark ye! — We dead Folks don't uſe to lie; and to be free wi' you, that Aſtrology, for which you eſteem'd me ſo much, was all a downright Cheat.

J. of *Naples*. Excuſe me; I won't take your own Word for't. A Cheat! How then cou'd you foretel I ſhou'd be four times marry'd? Was it likely, that a Perſon of tolerable Senſe wou'd venture upon Matrimony four times? Come — I'm ſure you muſt have read it in the Stars.

Anſelm. I conſulted your Inclinat ons more than the Stars; yet the Succeſs of a Prophecy, after all, is no Proof. Will you let me bring you to one of the Dead here, that ſhall tell you a pleaſant Story? He was one of my Brother Star-gazers, and as great an Unbeliever in his Art as your humble Servant. However, for Experiment's ſake, he ſet himſelf one Day to obſerve the Rules with the greateſt Strictneſs, and propheſy'd of ſome Events, harder to be gueſs'd at than your four Marriages.

All

All that he foretold came punctually to pass, but never was Man more surpriz'd. He presently falls to his Astrological Figures, and reviews the Ground of his Predictions. And what d'ye think he found? Why —— only that he had made a grand Mistake, and that if his Calculations had been right, he ought to have prophesy'd quite the contrary.

J. of *Naples.* If I thought this Story were true, I shou'd be sorry the World does not know it, that the Astrologers might be detected, for a pack of Gipsies and cozening Knaves.

Anselm. There are a thousand Stories of 'em known much worse than this, yet the Trade will always hold good. People will never suffer themselves to be undeceiv'd in Matters relating to *the Time to come.* There's a Charm in't, and they'll dote on, to the End of the World. Observe, for Example, how Men sacrifice all their past and present Possession to this Hope, and that and all the rest (as fast as it comes to Hand) to another: One wou'd think 'twere a malicious Trick establish'd in Nature, to fool 'em like Children, and by loosening their Grasp to make 'em drop what they hold. They never turn their Cares upon being happy in the present Moment; that's an Affair adjourn'd to

hereafter. As if the Time to come were of a different Make, and of better Quality than the Time present.

J. of *Naples*. No—'tis not of a different Make, but however it's good to fancy it so.

Anſelm. And what's the Effect of this fine Fancy? I have a Fable that informs you in three Words—An honeſt Wretch was adry, and ſate him down by the Side of a Spring, but wou'd not drink of the Water that was running before him, in hopes 'twou'd flow purer anon. The time he intended to ſtay was over, but the Water ſtill the ſame. *This will ne'er do*, cries the Fellow, *'tis better yet to wait a little longer*. And what d'ye think he did at laſt? he tarry'd 'till the Spring happen'd to dry up, and ſo went away athirſt.

J. of *Naples*. That was my very Caſe; and I believe here's not one among all the Dead, whoſe Life was not quite ebb'd out, before he had made his propos'd uſe of it. But what then? I reckon there's a great deal, after all, in the Pleaſure of forecaſting, in employing Hope, and Fear too, and in having a Futurity to pry into. A wiſe Man, according to your Notions, wou'd be juſt like one of us Dead, to whom the Time preſent and to come is perfectly the ſame; and conſequently this wiſe Man wou'd be as uneaſie as I am.

Anſelm.

Anſelm. Alas! What a Jeſt is the Condition of Man, if it be ſuch as you believe! He's born to aſpire after every thing, and enjoy nothing; to be always upon his March, and arrive at no Place.

DIALOGUE VII.

Soliman *and* Julietta *of* Gonzaga.

SOLIMAN.

AH! why is this the firſt time I have ſeen you? and wherefore did I loſe all the Pains of my whole Life in ſearching after you? I was on fire to have had the moſt beautiful Perſon of *Italy* in my *Seraglio*; and now I ſee nothing but a fleeting Shade, that has no Charms, but reſembles all the reſt.

Juliet. I can never thank you enough for the Paſſion you conceiv'd for me, upon the Reputation of my Beauty. It wonderfully augmented that Reputation; and 'tis to you I'm indebted for the moſt agreeable Moments I ever paſs'd. But above all, I reflect, with continual Pleaſure, on the Night in which the Pirate *Barbaroſſa*, in Obedience to your Commands, thought

to have ſurpriz'd me in *Cajeta*, and forc'd me to leave the City in extream Diſorder and Precipitation.

Solim. Wherefore then did you fly, if it gave you Pleaſure to be ſearch'd after for me?

Juliet. I was tranſported with the Search, but more that I eſcap'd it. Nothing ever flatter'd my Vanity more than to think I was wanting to the Happineſs of the happy *Soliman*, and was talk'd of in the *Seraglio*, a Place ſo full of fine Women: But in Troth I deſir'd no more; the *Seraglio* has Charms to thoſe only that are wiſh'd for there, but none at all to thoſe that are in it.

Solim. I perceive now what occaſion'd your Fear; you cou'd not digeſt the Number of Rivals there. Perhaps you were afraid that among ſuch a Multitude of fine Women, a conſiderable Part ſerv'd for nothing but idle Ornaments to the *Seraglio.*

Juliet. Your Servant!—you are pleas'd here to charge me with very pretty Thoughts.

Solim. Why —— What elſe has the *Seraglio* ſo frightful?

Juliet. I was affronted to the laſt Degree at the inſufferable Vanity of you Sultans; who, to make an Oſtentation of

your

your Grandeur, lock up I know how many handſome Women, the Majority of which are of no uſe to you, and yet are loſt to all the World beſides. And then, who d'ye think can bear a Lover, whoſe Declarations of Paſſion are indiſputable Commands; and who never ſighs but in the Tone of abſolute Authority? No—I was not at all fit for the *Seraglio*, and you might have ſpar'd your ſelf the trouble of ſearching after me, for I ſhou'd never have made your Happineſs.

Solim. How are you ſure of that?

Juliet. Becauſe I'm ſure you'd never have made mine.

Solim. I don't take the Conſequence—what ſignify'd it whether I had made yours or not?

Juliet. What!—do you think 'tis poſſible in Love to be made happy without Reciprocation? That there are ſolitary Pleaſures, which need not be communicated? and that we may enjoy 'em, when we do not beſtow 'em? Fy!——Such Sentiments ſhock every Heart of finer Mold.

Solim. I'm a *Turk*, d'ye ſee; and if I have not all the Niceneſs in the World, I may be excus'd. And yet, methinks, I'm not ſo much in the wrong neither. Did not you juſt now ſharply condemn Vanity?

Juliet. I did.

Solim. And is not this Desire to make the Happiness of others, a Motion of Vanity? Wou'd it not be intolerable Pride not to consent to be made happy by you, but upon Condition I make you happy too? A Sultan is more modest. He receives Pleasure from abundance of charming Women, and never values himself upon giving them any. Nay—you need not laugh, there's more Solidity in this Argument than you imagine. Think upon't, study the human Heart, and you'll find that this Niceness you value so much, is but a sort of proud Retribution; because People disdain to be in Debt.

Juliet. Well, I grant you then Vanity is necessary.

Solim. How! Is this you that censur'd it so much?

Juliet. Yes, that which I spoke of, but this sort I approve perfectly. Is it too difficult for you to conceive that the good Qualities of human Nature are link'd to others which are bad, and that 'twou'd be dangerous to cure it of all its Faults?

Solim. But at this rate there's no knowing where to fix. Pray, upon the whole, what must we think of Vanity?

Juliet. At a certain Point, 'tis a Vice; but a little short of that, a Virtue.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Paracelſus *and* Moliere.

MOLIERE.

IF 'twere only for the ſake of your Name, I ſhou'd be in Love with you —— *Paracelſus*! why, a Man wou'd take you for a *Greek*, or a *Roman* at leaſt: no body wou'd ever dream that *Paracelſus* was a *Swiſs* Philoſopher.

Para. I have render'd this Name as illuſtrious as 'tis elegant. My Works are of wonderful Direction to thoſe who wou'd enter into the Secrets of Nature, and above all to thoſe who wou'd ſoar to the ſublime Knowledge of the *Genii* and the *Elementary Inhabitants*.

Mol. I eaſily apprehend that thoſe are the true Sciences. To know the Men we ſee every Day is nothing, every Body can do't. But to ſtrike up an Acquaintance with the *Genii* that no body ever ſaw, is quite another ſort of Buſineſs.

Para. Doubtleſs 'tis. I have ſet forth in the moſt exact Manner, their Nature, their Employment, their Inclinations, their different Orders, and the Power they have in the Univerſe.

Mol.

Mol. How happy were you, who had got theſe wonderful Lights! For there's the ſtrongeſt Reaſon to believe you perfectly knew every thing that relates to Mankind; and yet a World of People cou'd never reach ſo far as this.

Para. Phoo!—every little Philoſopher is Maſter of as much as that.

Mol. I believe it; and you had nothing left to embarraſs you about the Nature of the human Soul, its Functions, and its Union with the Body?

Para. Hum!—to be free, 'tis impoſſible but there will be ſome Difficulties remaining, to the World's End, upon thoſe Matters. But a Man may know as much, d'ye ſee, as Philoſophy can teach him.

Mol. And did you know no more?

Para. No. Why, is not that enough?

Mol. Enough! 'Tis nothing. And thus you ſoar'd above Men whom you did not know at all, to reach the *Genii*?

Para. There's ſomething in the *Genii* that more excites our natural Curioſity.

Mol. Ay; but 'tis inexcuſable that we ſhou'd apply to them, 'till after we have nothing more to learn of Man; one wou'd think the human Underſtanding had exhauſted every thing, when one ſees it forming to it ſelf Objects of Science that have perhaps no Reality, and with which it em-

bar

barraſſes by way of Diverſion. And yet 'tis certain, there are real Objects, which, if it pleas'd, wou'd find it ſufficient Employment.

Para. The Mind naturally undervalues Sciences that are too ſimple, and purſues ſuch as are full of Myſtery. 'Tis only upon theſe it can exerciſe its whole Force and Activity.

Mol. So much the worſe; what you ſay makes not at all for the Mind's Credit. Truth preſents her ſelf to it, but becauſe ſhe's plain, it knows her not, and takes ridiculous Myſteries for her, only becauſe, forſooth, they are Myſteries. And I'm perſuaded that if moſt People ſaw the Order of the Univerſe, ſuch as it is, without obſerving the Vertues of Numbers, the Properties of Planets, and Fatalities link'd to certain Periods, or certain Revolutions, they wou'd not be able to forbear ſaying of this admirable Order. What! is this all?

Para. You turn into Ridicule Myſteries which are too deep for your Penetration, and which are reſerv'd only for Men of great Capacity.

Mol. I eſteem thoſe who do not comprehend theſe Myſteries, much beyond thoſe who do. But 'tis the World's Unhappineſs that Nature has not made all Perſons capable of * *not underſtanding* 'em.

Para.

* *That is, wiſe enough to reject 'em for Nonſenſe.*

Para. But you, that give Sentence here with ſuch Authoriry! pray what Profeſſion did you follow in your Life-time?

Mol. Why truly a Profeſſion very different from yours. You ſtudy'd the Virtues of the *Genii*, and I ſtudy'd the Follies of Mankind.

Para. A pretty Study, by my Troth!—Does not every Body know that Mankind is ſubject to a thouſand Follies?

Mol. Every body knows it in Groſs, and confuſedly. But we ought to come to Particulars, and then 'tis ſurprizing to ſee the vaſt Extent of this Science.

Para. And what Uſe did you make of it?

Mol. I got together, in a certain Place, as many People as I cou'd, and there—— I ſhew'd 'em that they were all a Company of Aſſes.

Para. Sure you employ'd thundring Arguments to perſuade 'em of that?

Mol. Not at all—'Tis the eaſieſt thing in the World. You may convince 'em of their Folly without any great Flights of Eloquence, or ſtudy'd Reaſoning. Their Actions are ſo ridiculous, that you need only mimick 'em over before their Eyes, and you ſhall ſee 'em e'en burſt with laughing.

Para.

Para. I underſtand you now — what — you were a Comedian then? Well, for my part I cou'd never comprehend the Pleaſure People take at a Comedy. They go thither to laugh at Manners repreſented, and why don't they laugh at the Manners themſelves?

Mol. To laugh at things in the World, a Man muſt, as it were, be drawn out of it and that the Play-Houſe performs. It gives you all in Perſpective, as if you had no part in it your ſelf.

Para. But a Man ſoon mingles again in this *All* which he laugh'd at, and begins to be a Party in it as before?

Mol. Very true. I compos'd a Fable here t'other Day upon this Subject. A young Gooſe mounted the Wing, with the ſame awkard Air which all the Kind have in that Action; and during this Momentary Flight which had rais'd her about a Foot high from the Ground, the proud Creature thus inſulted the reſt of the Flock below: *Ah! you wretched Animals!* ſays ſhe, *that I ſee groveling beneath me; and that know not how to cleave the Air, as I do!* But at thoſe Words down fell the cackling Boaſter, and ended the Adventure.

Para. To what Purpoſe then ſerve the Reflections which Plays help us to make, ſince they are like the Flight of this Gooſe,

and

and in an Inſtant we fall from 'em into the common Fooleries?

Mol. Oh!—— 'tis a great Matter to have laugh'd at one's ſelf. Nature has given us a wonderful Facility that Way, to hinder us from being our own Bubbles. How often does it happen that while one Party of us is very eager upon ſome Action, another Party ſtands by and makes a Jeſt of 'em. And if need were, you might find a third Party that wou'd laugh at both the firſt together. Now, does not Mankind appear a very motley and fantaſtical Compoſition?

Para I don't ſee that all this requires much Thought. A few ſlight Reflections, and ſome merry Conceits, often ill apply'd, merit no ſuch mighty Eſteem. But what Strains of Contemplation are neceſſary to treat upon more elevated Subjects?

Mol. You are come back to your *Genii*, and I keep to my Fools. In the mean time, tho' I've beſtow'd all my Labour upon Subjects ſo common to the whole World, I can propheſie to you that my Plays will out-live your ſublime Works. Every thing is ſubject to Change of Faſhion. The Productions of the Mind are not ſecure from the Fate of Clothes. What a World of Books and other Writings have I ſeen bury'd with their Authors!

juſt

juſt as in ſome Countries they interr, with the Deceas'd, the Things they moſt delighted in while they liv'd. I know perfectly what Revolutions may happen in the Empire of Letters, and yet, with all this, I'll warrant the Continuance of my Pieces. I can tell you the Reaſon—He that will paint for Eternity muſt paint Fools.

DIALOGUE IX.

Mary Stuart *and* David Riccio.

D. RICCIO.

NO—I ſhall never be comforted upon my Death.

M. Stuart. Yet methinks 'twas a very handſome one for a Muſician. The principal Nobility in the Court of *Scotland*, and the King my Husband himſelf, were forc'd to conſpire againſt you, and never was there more Formality in putting to Death the greateſt Prince upon Earth.

D. Riccio. So pompous a Death was never intended for a poor Luteniſt, whom Neceſſity had driven out of *Italy* into *Scotland*. It had been much better to have

let

let me wear out my Days ſoftly as one of your Muſick, than by raiſing me to the Rank of a Miniſter of State, to ſhorten my Life.

M. Stuart. I cou'd never have expected to find thee ſo inſenſible! What! was it a ſlight Diſtinction to let thee dine alone with me every Day? Truſt me, *Riccio*, a Favour of that kind was no Wrong to thy Reputation.

D. Riccio. No: All the Wrong I know was, that it oblig'd me to pay my Life for receiving it too often. For alas! I was ſitting *Tête à Tête* with you at Table, as uſual, when I ſaw the King enter with the Ruffian that was pick'd out to be my Executioner, becauſe he was naturally the moſt frightful *Scot* that ever was born, and his Aſpect had lately been made more frightful by a long Quartan Ague. I don't know whether he ſtruck me or no — But to the beſt of my Remembrance, the very Sight of him murder'd me.

M. Stuart. I have honour'd thy Memory ſo far as to place thee in the Tomb of the Kings of *Scotland*.

D. Riccio. How! —— Is my Body entomb'd with the Kings of *Scotland?*

M. Stuart. Nothing more true.

D. Riccio. I have been ſo little ſenſible of that good Fortune, that, believe me, 'tis the firſt Notice I have ever had of it.

—O my Lute! Was I forc'd to quit thee, to amuſe my ſelf with the Cares of governing a Kingdom!

M. Stuart. Still complaining!—Do you know now that my Death was a thouſand times more unhappy than yours?

D. Riccio. It may be ſo; you were born in a Condition that's ſubject to terrible Reverſes: But poor I was born to have dy'd in my Bed. Nature had plac'd me in the fitteſt Station in the World for it, obſcure, and without a Fortune, only with a tolerable Voice, and a Genius to play the Lute.

M. Stuart. That Lute ſtill poſſeſſes thy Heart. But alas! for one unlucky Moment, how many agreeable Days hadſt thou enjoy'd before? What wou'dſt thou have done, hadſt thou never been better than a Muſician? that mean Fortune wou'd have ſoon diſtaſted thee.

D. Riccio. No. I'd have ſearch'd out my Happineſs within my ſelf.

M. Stuart. Go, thou'rt a Fool. Thou haſt ſpoil'd thy ſelf here by pedantick Reflections, or by keeping Company with the Philoſophers. 'Tis a likely Matter that Men ſhou'd find Happineſs in themſelves!

D. Riccio. They want only to be perſuaded that they may. A Poet of my Country has deſcrib'd an enchanted Caſtle,

where Lovers and their Miſtreſſes are perpetually ſeeking one another with extreme Earneſtneſs and Inquietude, they meet every Moment, and yet never know it. There's a Charm like this upon the Happineſs of Men, they have it in their own Thoughts, yet are never aware of it; it preſents it ſelf a thouſand times to 'em, while they ſtill travel afar off to find it.

M. Stuart. Away with your Cant and Viſions of Philoſophy! If nothing without us contributes to make us happy, are we of a Humour, I pray, to take the Pains to be ſo by our Reaſon?

D. Riccio. Why not? Happineſs is well worth that Pains.

M. Stuart. 'Twere Pains to no Purpoſe, and Happineſs is by no means conſiſtent with it. We ceaſe to be happy the Moment we feel our Endeavour to be ſo. If a Man felt all the Parts of his Body labouring to ſuſtain themſelves in a good Condition, wou'd you think him well? No, Happineſs is like Health, it muſt be in Men without their placing it there; and if there's a Happineſs which Reaſon produces, 'tis like that Health which is only maintain'd by the Force of Art and Medicines, which is always very weak, and very uncertain.

DIA-

DIALOGUE X.

The third falſe Demetrius, *and Monſieur* Des Cartes.

DES CARTES.

I Ought to know the North almoſt as well as you; I ſpent a good Part of my Life philoſophizing in *Holland*, and at laſt dy'd in *Sueden* more a Philoſopher than ever.

Falſe Dem. According to the Scheme you give me, what a fine ſoft Life was yours! Employ'd only about Philoſophy! I had not the Privilege to paſs mine ſo quietly.

Des Cartes. Thank your own Folly. What put it into your Head to think of making your ſelf *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and to take thoſe Meaſures for it which you did? You try'd to paſs for the Prince *Demetrius*, who was rightful Heir to the Throne, and yet you had already before your Eyes the Example of two pretended *Demetrius's*, who had been detected for Cheats, and periſh'd miſerably. You ought ſurely to have taken the Pains to contrive ſome new Impoſture. There was

not the leaſt Probability that this, which had been try'd before, ſhou'd have Succeſs.

Falſe Dem. Between Friends, the *Muſcovites* are not the moſt refin'd People in the World: They have the Madneſs to pretend to reſemble the ancient *Greeks*, but God knows in what.

Des Cartes. Yet, as great Sots as they were, they cou'd not ſuffer the Cheat of three falſe *Demetrius's* ſucceſſively. No—when you began to play that Part, I dare ſwear they cry'd almoſt all, with an Air of Diſdain,—*What! more* Demetrius's *ſtill?*

Falſe Dem. Yet for all that I made my ſelf a conſiderable Party: The Name of *Demetrius* was belov'd, the People perpetually ran after it, and you know what the People are.

Des Cartes. But pray did not the ill Fate of your two Brother-Cheats ſcare you?

Falſe Dem. Quite the contrary; was it not reaſonable to believe it muſt be the true *Demetrius* that durſt appear, after the Defeat of the other two? 'Twou'd have been the ſame Preſumption had I been *Demetrius* himſelf.

Des Cartes. But ſuppoſe you had been the firſt that aſſum'd this Name, how cou'd you have the Face to pretend to it, without being ſure you cou'd back your Pretence with very probable Proofs?

Falſe

False Dem. Hold a little—and let me ask you, who are so full of your Questions here, and so hard to be satisfy'd, how you durst aspire to make your self Head of a new Philosophy which was to contain all the Truths that were unknown 'till then?

Des Cartes. Oh! I found a great many things which had Probability enough to flatter me that they were true, and Novelty enough to make a new Sect.

False Dem. And was you not terrify'd by the Example of so many Philosophers, who, with Opinions as well grounded as yours, were discover'd at last for Mountebanks? A Man might reckon you up a long List of 'em, if he pleas'd, and you can reckon but two Sham *Demetrius's* before me. I was but the third in my kind, that set up for deceiving the *Muscovites*—but you were more than a thousand deep in the List of those who undertook to practise upon the Faith of all Mankind.

Des Cartes. You knew you was not the Prince *Demetrius*; but I publish'd no more than what I really believ'd, nor believ'd it without probable Appearances. I never recover'd out of my Philosophy 'till I came hither.

False Dem. What signifies that? Your Sincerity did not make you less need a World of Assurance to be so positive that

you were the happy Man at laſt who had diſcover'd the Truth. The World has been abus'd with that Pretence by ſo many New-Philoſophers already, that when any new *New-Philoſophers* appear, I wonder every one does not cry out—*What! more Philoſophy ſtill?*

Des Cartes. I muſt tell you, if People are always deluded by the Promiſes of Philoſophers, 'tis not without Reaſon. Some little Truths are diſcover'd from Time to Time, which, tho' not important, ſerve to amuſe. But for the Depth of Philoſophy, I confeſs there is ſcarce any Progreſs made in it at all. I believe too that Men often find the Truth in ſome conſiderable Articles, but the Miſchief is, they don't know when they find it. For Philoſophy (if a dead Man may be ſo bold) reſembles a certain Play among Children, where one with his Eyes blinded runs after the reſt; if he catches any one he's oblig'd to name him, elſe he muſt let go his Prize, and run again. 'Tis the ſame in the Search of Truth; for tho' we Philoſophers have our Eyes ſufficiently blinded, we make a ſhift ſometimes to lay hold of her, but to what purpoſe? we cannot juſtifie to her that 'tis ſhe, and in the ſame Moment ſhe ſlips from us again.

False Dem. 'Tis but too plain then, that she's not made for us, and you'll see, at last, People won't so much as think of finding her; they'll lose their Courage, and throw up the Game.

Des Cartes. I can assure you, you're a false Prophet. Men have an incredible Courage for any thing they are once infatuated with: Every one is confident that the thing which has been refus'd to all beside, is only a Reserve for him. Nay, four and twenty thousand Years hence, you'll have Philosophers who will pretend to have dispossess'd all the Errors that reign'd for thirty thousand Years before; and People, who will believe the World has but just then begun to open its Eyes.

False Dem. How! was it such an infinite Hazard to undertake a third time to deceive the *Muscovites*, and will it be no Hazard at all to attempt the deceiving the whole of Mankind after thirty thousand times? That calls 'em greater Bubbles than the *Muscovites*.

Des Cartes. They are so, in the Affair of Truth: They rave upon it more than ever the *Muscovites* did on the Name of *Demetrius*.

False Dem. Well—if I were to tread the Stage again, let me perish if I'd be a false *Demetrius*; no—I'd e'en turn Philo-

ſopher. But what if People ſhou'd grow ſick of Philoſophy, and ſit down at laſt in Deſpair of ever finding out Truth? For that I ſhou'd be terribly afraid of.

Des Cartes. You had much more Reaſon to fear when you play'd the Prince. Men will never be out of Heart, depend upon't; and ſince the Moderns are no happier than the Ancients in diſcovering the Truth, 'tis but juſt they ſhou'd be as happy as they in hoping it: For, vain as it is, this Hope is always agreeable. If Neither have a Right to the Enjoyment of Truth, yet Both have, at leaſt, to the Pleaſure of the ſame Error.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XI.

The Dutcheſs of Valentinois *and* Anna Bullen.

ANNA BULLEN.

I Admire your good Luck. *S. Valier*, your Father, commits a Crime, as if 'twere on Purpoſe to make your Fortune. He's condemn'd to loſe his Head, you go and beg the King's Pardon for him: To be a pretty Woman, and ask Favours of a young Prince, is an unavoidable Engagement to grant ſome; and thus you very genteely made your ſelf Miſtreſs to *Francis* the Firſt.

Dutch. of *Val.* The niceſt part of my good Luck was my being led into an Amour by the Duty of a Daughter to ſave her Father's Life. My Inclination to Gallantry might very commodiouſly lye conceal'd, under ſo decent and reputable a Covering.

A. Bul. But your Inclination ſoon diſcover'd it ſelf by what follow'd; for your Gallantries much out-laſted the Danger of your Father.

Dutch of *Val.* No matter —— 'Tis the Beginning of an Amour is all the Importance. The World knows, that whoever

ever makes one Step will make more: So that the only Concern is, to make the firſt with a Grace. I am ſo vain now as to think that my Conduct was not ill ſuited to the critical Opportunity which Fortune preſented to me; and that I ſhall not paſs in Hiſtory for Miſtreſs of a middle Share of Wit. It has been thought very extraordinary that the Lord High-Conſtable *Montmorency* was the Miniſter and Favourite of three Kings, I was the Miſtreſs of two, and that I pretend is ſomething more.

A. Bul. I will not diſpute your Ingenuity; but you muſt give me leave to think my own exceeded it. You made your ſelf long belov'd as a Miſtreſs, but I made my ſelf a Wife. A King applies his Cares to you as long as his Heart is warm'd, but this coſts him nothing; if he makes you a Queen, 'tis in his Extremity, and when all other Hopes fail him.

Dutch. of *Val.* But the Paſſion of a Lover needs continual Arts to keep it alive: Whereas a Marriage once accompliſh'd excuſes you from farther Trouble. 'Tis eaſie to exaſperate Love when you never ſatisfie it at all: And when you ſatisfie it, 'tis as difficult not to quench it. In ſhort, You had nothing to do but to perſiſt always in the ſame Severity of refuſing, and 'twas my Part to be perpetually granting with new Agreeableneſs. *A. Bul.*

A. Bul. Since you preſs me ſo hard with your Reaſons, I'm oblig'd to add, to what I ſaid before, that when I made my ſelf a Wife 'twas not becauſe I had a World of Virtue.

Dutch. of *Val.* And when I made my ſelf belov'd with ſo much Conſtancy, 'twas not becauſe I had a World of Fidelity.

A. Bul. I'll tell you more then——I had neither Virtue, nor the Reputation of it.

Dutch. of *Val.* You might have ſpar'd telling me that—For, Reputation, in my Account, is the ſame with Virtue.

A. Bul. I ſhou'd think you have no Reaſon to reckon among your Advantages a few Infidelities you acted againſt your Lover, and which, in all Appearance, were ſecret. They can ſignifie little to the Increaſe of your Glory. But when I began to be lov'd by the King of *England*, the Publick, who were acquainted with my Adventures, did not keep the Secret for me, and yet I Triumph'd over Fame.

Dutch. of *Val.* I cou'd perhaps prove to you, if I were diſpos'd, that I was ſo little myſterious in my Infidelities to *Henry* the Second, that I can make a Merit of it if I pleaſe; but I won't inſiſt upon that. The Defect of Fidelity may be either hid, or at worſt repair'd; but how will you repair the Defect of Youth? Yet this I perform'd.

I was all Coquette, and I made my ſelf be ador'd, but withal I was in Age. But for you—you were young, and yet ſuffer'd your ſelf to be beheaded. As much a Grand-Mother as I was, I had Addreſs enough to preſerve my Head upon my Shoulders.

A. Bul. I muſt own you have hit the Blot of my Life, therefore no more of that. And yet I can't ſurrender, no, not to your Age it ſelf, tho' that's your main Hold. 'Twas certainly leſs difficult to diſguiſe that, than my former Conduct. I muſt have extreamly diſturb'd his Reaſon, who wou'd reſolve to take me for a Wife. But for the Man who always believ'd you handſome, you had nothing to do but to prepoſſeſs his Eyes in your Favour, and to accuſtom them, by a little at a Time, to the Changes in your Beauty.

Dutch. of *Val.* Ah! you're much a Stranger to the Humour of Men. When to their Eyes we appear lovely, we appear to their Minds whatever we pleaſe, even Virtuous, for Example, tho' we are quite the Reverſe of it. And all the Difficulty lyes in appearing lovely to their Eyes as long as we pleaſe.

A. Bul. I'm convinc'd, and I yield to you—But you'll let me then into the Secret, how you repair'd your Age—You may

may truſt me, I'm dead you know, and can make no Advantage of it.

Dutch. of *Val.* Why truly — I can't tell. Nothing's more frequent than to perform very great Things and not know how, and then we are ſurpriz'd that we have done 'em. Go ask *Cæſar*, how he made himſelf Maſter of the World? perhaps he may pauſe for an Anſwer.

A. Bul. You make a glorious Compariſon!

Dutch. of *Val.* 'Tis a juſt one. To inſpire Love at my Age I ſtood in need of as ſurprizing a Fortune as that of *Cæſar*. The beſt on't is, that to thoſe who have accompliſh'd ſuch extraordinary things as he and I, the World never fails afterwards to attribute moſt infallible Deſigns and Secrets, and to do 'em more Honour than perhaps they ever deſerv'd.

DIALOGUE XII.

Fernando Cortez *and* Montezuma.

F. CORTEZ.

CONfeſs the Truth. You were very ſtupid, you *Americans*, when you imagin'd the *Spaniards* were deſcended from the Region of Fire, becauſe of their Cannon, and thought their Ships vaſt Birds that flew upon the Sea.

Montez. I grant it.—— But I wou'd be glad to know whether the *Athenians* were a polite People?

F. Cort. How!—— why 'tis they have been the great Maſters of Politeneſs to the reſt of Mankind.

Montez. Very well. And what d'ye think of the Stratagem by which the Tyrant *Piſiſtratus* regain'd the Citadel of *Athens*, from whence he had been driven out? Did not he dreſs up a Woman in the Habit of *Minerva*, who, they ſay, was the Guardian Goddeſs of *Athens?* Did not he drive over the City in a Chariot with this rare Divinity of his own making, who held him by the Hand, and cry'd out to the *Athenians*,—*Behold! I bring* Piſiſtratus *to you, and command you to receive him!*

him! And did not theſe Originals of Wit and Politeneſs ſubmit to the Tyrant, in pure Obedience to *Minerva*, who, it ſeems, had explain'd her Will with her own Mouth?

F. Cort. Who help'd you to this Piece of Scandal about the *Athenians?*

Montez. Oh, ſince I've been here, I have apply'd my ſelf to learn Hiſtory, by my Converſations with ſeveral of the Dead. In ſhort, I ſhall make you grant, that the *Athenians* were ſomewhat greater Bubbles than we. For Example, — we had never ſeen Ships nor Cannon, but they had ſeen Women; and when *Piſiſtratus* undertook to reduce 'em by Means of his Goddeſs, he ſhew'd more contemptuous Thoughts of 'em than you did of us in ſubduing us with your Artillery.

F. Cort. There's no People in the World but may once be trapann'd. They are taken at a Surpriſe; the Multitude bear along the People of Senſe. What ſhall I ſay? There concur beſides ſome particular Circumſtances which a Man cannot divine, and which perhaps wou'd eſcape his Obſervation, tho' he ſaw 'em.

Montez. But can you ſay 'twas by Surprize that the *Greeks* always believ'd the Knowledge of Futurity to be inclos'd in a Cave under Ground, from whence it iſſu'd out in Exhalations? By what Artifice were

were they made to think, that when the Moon was Eclipſe in they cou'd recover her out of her Fits by a hideous Noiſe? And how chanc'd there was but a very ſmall Party that durſt whiſper among themſelves that ſhe was only obſcur'd by the Shadow of the Earth? I ſay nothing of the *Romans*, and of their inviting the Gods to eat with 'em on their Feſtival Days; nor of the Holy Chicken, whoſe Appetites decided every thing in the Capital City of the whole Earth. To conclude, you can't reproach me with one Piece of *American* Folly, which I will not undertake to overmatch in your Countries, and yet I'll engage to bring none into Play but *Greek* Follies or *Roman*.

F. Cort. Notwithſtanding theſe Follies, the *Greeks* and *Romans* invented all Arts and Sciences, of which you have not the leaſt Idea.

Montez. 'Twas our Happineſs not to have known there were Sciences in the World, we ſhou'd not perhaps elſe have had Prudence enough to forbear being learned. All People are not capable of following the Example of thoſe *Greeks* who took ſuch Pains to preſerve themſelves from the Contagion of the Sciences of their Neighbours. As for the Arts, *America* found ways to ſhift without 'em, more wonder-

wonderful perhaps than the *European* Arts themſelves. 'Tis eaſie to compoſe Hiſtories, when you can write; but we did not know how to write, and yet made Hiſtories. You may make Bridges well enough, when you can build in the Water; but the Difficulty is, to be wholly ignorant of Building, and yet make Bridges. You ought to remember too, that the *Spaniards* found ſome Riddles in our Country which they were at a Loſs to expound; for Example, Stones of a prodigious Magnitude, rais'd to ſuch an amazing Height as they cou'd not conceive poſſible to be done without Machines. What do you ſay to all this? I do not ſee yet that you have very clearly prov'd the Advantages which *Europe* has above *America*.

F. Cort. They are prov'd ſufficiently by every thing that diſtinguiſhes Politeneſs from Barbarity. Civility reigns among us, Force and Violence are baniſh'd; all the Powers are moderated by Juſtice; all Wars are founded upon lawful Cauſes; and to ſhew you how nicely ſcrupulous we are, we did not move a Step in that Deſcent upon you, 'till we had critically examin'd whether your Country belong'd to us or no, and decided the Queſtion in our own Favour.

Montez. This doubtleſs was a Courteſie which we Barbarians cou'd never merit. But I fancy you are juſt and civil among one another in the ſame manner as you were ſcrupulous in Regard to us. Whoever ſhou'd ſtrip *Europe* of her Formalities, wou'd render her very like *America*. Civility meaſures all your Steps, dictates all your Speeches, intricates all your Diſcourſes, and perplexes all your Actions, but does not enter into your Hearts; and all the Juſtice which ſhou'd be in your Deſigns, is found only in your Pretexts.

F. Cort. I won't be reſponſible for Mens Hearts: We ſee only their Outſides. An Heir that loſes a Relation, and gets a conſiderable Eſtate, dreſſes all in Black. Is he afflicted? Not at all, perhaps; however, if he did not dreſs ſo, he wou'd violate Reaſon.

Montez. I know what you wou'd ſay. 'Tis not Reaſon governs among you, but ſhe enters her Proteſt at leaſt that things ſhou'd go otherwiſe than they do. That Heirs, for Example, ſhou'd be ſorry for the Loſs of their Relations; they admit this Proteſt, and in Acknowledgment of it they wear Black. Your Formalities ſerve for nothing but to notifie that ſhe has a Right, which you do not think fit to let her execute. And inſtead of doing what

is

is reaſonable, you only repreſent what you ought to do.

F. Cort. Is not that a great deal? Reaſon has ſo little Power among you, that ſhe cannot ſo much as ſubſtitute any thing in your Actions, that may remind you ſhe ought to be there her ſelf.

Montez. But you call her to Mind as unprofitably as ſome certain *Greeks*, of whom I've been told here, call'd to Mind their Original. They were ſettl'd in *Tuſcany*, a Country barbarous in their Eſteem, and by degrees they had fallen in with its Cuſtoms ſo entirely, as to forget their own. They felt however I know not what Regret that they were become Barbarians, and on a certain Day they aſſembl'd annually. They read in *Greek* their ancient Laws, which they no longer obſerv'd, and by that time ſcarce underſtood: They wept, then ſeparated; and at their Departure, with Pleaſure re-aſſum'd the Ways of living which were cuſtomary to the Place. Their Caſe was the ſame with reſpect to the *Grecian* Laws, as yours with reſpect to Reaſon. They knew theſe Laws were in being, and they ſpoke of 'em, but ſlightly however, and without Effect; yet they expreſs'd ſome Regret about 'em: But for Reaſon, whom you have abandon'd, you have no Regret at all; you have, it ſeems,

got the Habit of knowing and despising her.

F. Cort. However, in knowing her better, People are at least more in a Condition to follow her.

Montez. 'Tis only in this Particular then that we'll yield you the Advantage. Alas! that we happen'd to have no Ships to go and discover your Lands, and that we had not determin'd that they belong'd to us! We shou'd have had, at least, as much Right to conquer 'em, as you had to conquer ours.

End of Fontenelle's *Dialogues.*

TWO

TWO NEW

DIALOGUES

Written in the Manner of

Monſieur *Fontenelle.*

DIALOGUE I.

Lucius Junius Brutus *and* Auguſtus Cæſar.

That the greateſt Characters may be criticis'd.

DIALOGUE II.

Empedocles *and* Lucilio Vanini.

Of the Multitudes that have been Martyrs to Folly.

DIALOGUES

In the Manner of

Monſieur *Fontenelle.*

DIALOGUE I.

Lucius Junius Brutus *the firſt Conſul, and* Auguſtus Cæſar.

AUG. CÆSAR.

INdeed I have often admir'd at your ingenious Artifice, and how a Soul ſo great as yours, and labouring with ſuch vaſt Deſigns of future Glory, cou'd lye ſo long conceal'd under the Maſque of

Folly, and assume a Dress so contrary to it self.

Brutus. Alas! Is Folly so hard to be imitated? By what I've learn'd here below of the History of your Time, your Politicks were of a much finer Turn, your Designs more artfully cover'd, and you shew'd your self a far greater Master of Dissimulation.

Aug. What do you mean?

Brutus. Why this—— As I assum'd the Outside of a Fool, so you did that of an honest Man; if I had not play'd the Natural to avoid Suspicion, I cou'd never have gain'd an Opportunity for establishing my Country's Liberties; if you had not acted the Patriot, you cou'd never have destroy'd 'em. The first gain'd me the Name of *Brute*, the latter procur'd you that of *Father of your Country.*

Aug. Do you think then my Love to my Country was but Masquerade?

Brutus. No more; for under it you conceal'd the most crafty Ambition imaginable. Your Uncle *Julius* was a subtle Politician, but he grasp'd at Power too fast; his Passion for Empire appear'd too open, and hurry'd him into Excesses that cost him his Life.

Aug. True. And therefore I was more humble; and avoiding his Miſtakes, I generouſly ſacrific'd all my Cares and Deſigns to the Publick Good.

Brutus. You gave but ill Marks of your Temper and Principles when you engag'd in that bloody *Triumvirate*, and ſign'd Proſcriptions for murdering ſo many of the beſt Citizens in *Rome.* Was this a Sacrifice to the publick Good?

Aug. I was over-rul'd by my Aſſociates, who betray'd my Youth into Actions very different from my Temper, and this appears in the Inſtance of *Cicero*'s Death, which I did my utmoſt to prevent, but *Anthony*'s Malice prevail'd, and I was out-voted. Beſides, I repented of thoſe harſh Proceedings, and endeavour'd to make Satisfaction to my Country afterwards.

Brutus. You check'd your Temper indeed, and refin'd your Politicks; for having form'd a Scheme of abſolute Power, and fallen in Love with the charming Idea, you found it neceſſary to amend your Manners, in order to accompliſh your Deſigns.

Aug. Am I to blame for endeavouring to deſerve my Country's Eſteem? I extorted no Honours from her, and cou'd I re-

fuſe

fuſe thoſe ſhe heap'd upon me? When my Authority encreas'd, 'twas with the Inclination of the People, and I was but barely conſenting to my own Greatneſs.

Brutus. Very modeſt, I confeſs! But this was after you had found the Secret of making 'em give without your asking. Alas! Men are like Children, that are froward and obſtinate when rough means are us'd, and unwilling to part with the idleſt Play-thing; but a little Flattery looſens their Hold, and draws from 'em their moſt valuable Poſſeſſions. Beſides, let me tell you, the Conſent of the People does not excuſe you; Liberty is a Poſſeſſion they ought not to part with, and what had you to do to accept of a Preſent to which they cou'd make you no good Title?

Aug. I honour you, reverend *Brutus!* and am well enough pleas'd to ſee you grow warm upon the Subject of Liberty. But if you have been rightly inform'd of my Hiſtory, you muſt needs know, that after I ſaw my ſelf Lord and Governor of the *Roman* Empire, I went into the Senate, and offer'd to reſign all, and reſtore the People to their ancient Conſtitution.

Brutus. Yes—when you knew 'twas too late, and when you had prepar'd your Creatures there to oppoſe it. 'Twas a pretty Stratagem to try their Temper, and to get your own Authority confirm'd. Yet the Diſguiſe was but thin, for half the Senate ſaw thro' it, but durſt not ſpeak their Minds.

Aug. I find you will not forgive me for changing the Model of a Government which you had firſt fram'd. But where was the ill Conſequence? Was not the *Roman* Liberty ſafe in my Hands, and did I not approve my ſelf a faithful Truſtee.

Brutus. You did——for I will give you your due; but what a Company of Mad-men ſucceeded to the Charge! Beſides, let us trace you to the laſt Scene, and ſee, after ſo excellent a Reign, how you behav'd your ſelf at your Death. 'Twas then it ſeems you had a Frolick to have your pale hollow Checks ſmooth'd, your Dreſs adjuſted, to call for a Looking-glaſs, and curl your Hair, in imitation of the Players upon the Theatre; you ask'd your Friends if you had not play'd your Part well, and when they anſwer'd Yes, you cry'd *Plaudite!* and ſo expir'd. As if all the good Actions of your Life had been an aſſum'd Part, like that of a Mock-Hero

in a Play, for the ſake of a mean Reward, or the vain Satisfaction of a little Applauſe.

Aug. You are too critical; ——But now that I may queſtion you a little——pray what part of your Character do you value your ſelf moſt upon?

Brutus. That of a true Patriot, and an impartial Judge.

Aug. Yet I'm miſtaken if you have born theſe worthy Titles free from all Cenſure.

Brutus. I ſhall be glad to know my Failings.

Aug. Firſt then it may be ſaid, your playing the Ideot was but a poor ſhift to ſave your Life, and gain an Opportunity of Revenge on *Tarquin*, for his perſecuting your Family, and depriving you of your Eſtate; 'twas a Happineſs indeed to *Rome*, that this was not to be effected but by extirpating the Tyrant and his Race, and ſettling the City in Liberty; but one may queſtion whether 'twas not private Reſentment, more than a Senſe of your Country's Wrongs, that firſt gave Motion to this great Revolution.

Brutus. Proceed! for I reflect upon my paſt Life without Prejudice, and will readily own my Errors; I was not partial to my

Sons

Sons when I liv'd, nor will I now be partial to my ſelf.

Aug. That Behaviour to your Sons is really the worſt Part of your Hiſtory.

Brutus. How!—Cou'd any thing be more glorious than to aſcend the Tribunal, and ſit in Judgment on my own Offſpring? To adhere to the Dictates of Reaſon, and in ſpight of the ſoft Remonſtrances of Nature, the fooliſh Mercy of my Collegue, the Cries of the Offenders, and the weeping Eyes of the Multitude pleading in their Behalf, in ſpight of this, I ſay, to look with Unconcern on their bloody Stripes, and with unſhaken Conſtancy behold their beheading, and then withdraw, leaving the World amaz'd at ſuch an unparallel'd Example of a Father's Juſtice?

Aug. Talk no more of my Proſcriptions, for here's a Fierceneſs that exceeds 'em all! What Father was ever expected, after Sentence given upon his Sons, to ſtay and feed his Savage Eyes with their Execution? What was all this but an extravagant Strain of horrid Severity, occaſion'd by Exceſs of Pride, and the immoderate Deſire of being thought ſomething more than Human?

Brutus. Thus then every thing has a doubtful Interpretation, and the greateſt Deeds in the World may be conſtru'd to be the Product of Vanity and Ambition.

Aug. The beſt of Men are not diſintereſted; they have a great many By-ends and conceal'd Deſigns. Their boaſted Services to their Country are often but a Sacrifice to their own Pleaſures and Paſſions; and if they freely open'd their Hearts, as I did in my laſt Minute, not the modeſteſt Hero upon Earth wou'd leave the Stage without crying *PLAUDITE.*

DIA-

DIALOGUE II.

Empedocles *and* Lucilio Vanini.

L. VANINI.

IS your Name *Empedocles?*

Empe. Yes; Why d'ye ask?

Van. Becauſe I'm a-kin to you; were not you the Hair-brain'd Philoſopher of *Agrigentum?*

Empe. Philoſophy was my Profeſſion: But pray who are you, and how comes the Kindred?

Van. You wou'd not ask if you knew my Story; I'm related to you in Folly.

Empe. Is that all?—Upon the ſame ſcore all the People on Earth may claim Kindred too, unleſs the World's mightily alter'd ſince my Time.

Van. Ay, but People are ſo proud there they won't own the Relation. Beſides, you and I are ſomething nearer of Kin than you imagine; we were each, in our Time, the greateſt Madmen living, and yet thought all the World Mad but our ſelves. Our Deaths too were alike, for we took care to make our Names Immortal, and to record our ſelves Fools to all Poſterity.

Empe.

Empe. Methinks you are very free with your Kindred; but you ſhall make out the Alliance a little clearer, before I will have any thing to ſay to you.

Van. Nay, perhaps, after all, I may be miſtaken, and then I'll beg your Pardon. We had a Story of you when I was above Ground, that you were a proud whimſical Fellow, and that once upon a time (for your Diverſion) you took a Freak into the Jaws of *Ætna*, and never came out again. But an honeſt Fellow that has written your Life * tells us, there were various Reports of this Matter. Some ſaid you were only making ſome Philoſophical Obſervations about the Mountain, and thought no harm, but that you dropp'd in unawares, and paid for your peeping; others, that you fell into the Sea and were drown'd. But the moſt general Report was, that you leap'd into that fiery Cavern, that no body might know what was become of you, in hopes that your Superſtitious Countrymen wou'd take you for a God, 'till your Iron Shooes, that were thrown up by the Flame, betray'd you.

Empe. How's that? Were my Iron Shooes found afterwards?

Van. So that Writer ſays.

Empe.

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* Diogenes Laertius.

Empe. O *Ætna! Ætna!*—Then have I endur'd a Broiling to a fine Purpoſe! Why, I thought they wou'd preſently have fallen to building Temples, and that the whole Iſland wou'd have ſmok'd with a hundred Altars to *EMPEDOCLES* THE TUTELAR GOD OF *SICILY.*

Van. A pretty Fancy! Did you never hear the Fable?

Empe. What?

Van. A proud ſpeckl'd Toad, that had liv'd in Eaſe and Luxury, was crawling thro' a Meadow where an Ox was feeding; ſhe looks with Envy on his prodigious Bulk, and wiſhes to be as big as he; at leaſt, ſays ſhe, I'll know why I can't. And ſo began to ſwell, 'till ſhe burſt with her Pride, and had the Reward of her Folly.

Empe. What an unhappy Wretch was I, that never thought of this Fable! It might have ſav'd me my Life.

Van. I queſtion it; for when a Man's running from his Wits, all the Fables in the World can't ſtop him.

Empe. 'Tis ſome Comfort however, to think that this was not my Caſe alone. How many Princes have loſt their Crowns upon the ſame Score, and ſtretching to be equal with Gods, have made themſelves leſs than Men? But you ſaid your Death

reſembl'd mine; pray did you affect to be a God too?

Van. No; I affected to be a new Philoſopher; but I found that Diſcoveries were difficult, Reaſon was a troubleſome Inſtrument to manage, and Truth made little Noiſe. Therefore I took a ſhorter Way, and ſince 'tis eaſier to deſtroy than to build, I ſet my ſelf to batter down the moſt ſacred Truths in the World, and, like him that fir'd the Temple at *Epheſus*, propos'd to my ſelf a Name out of the Ruins of Religion and Morality.

Empe. A very wiſe Project! How durſt you hope for Succeſs?

Van. Eaſily. I had all the Vices of Mankind of my Party. Beſides, I varniſh'd over my Principles with the ſpecious Name of Philoſophy. I ſet out from *Naples*, and began to teach in *France*, but the Magiſtrates at *Tholouſe* ſoon ſtopp'd my Progreſs, and having convicted me of Atheiſm, caus'd me to be burn'd.

Emp. How!—Methinks you might had the Wit to have prevented that. Well, I'll own you for my Relation now, and am convinc'd you were the greater Fool of the two. What, cou'd not you have diſſembl'd a little, and by a feign'd Recantation have avoided Death?

Van.

Van. Yes—— But Obſtinacy ſupply'd the Place of Conſcience, and wou'd not let me.

Empe. Alas! thro' what ſtrange Glaſſes have we look'd upon the World! We thought to have made our ſelves admir'd, by Actions, for which our Names are become a Laughter and a Deteſtation. Who that reads our Story, will believe Mankind is viciouſly fond of Life, when he finds they can part with it, upon the worſt and moſt unneceſſary Occaſions?

Van. Yet thus it fares with thouſands who ſacrifice themſelves to a falſe Fame, who pay the Price, yet loſe the Purchaſe. What an amazing Proſpect wou'd it afford to trace Hiſtory from the Beginning of Time, and ſee what infinite Numbers have been Martyrs to Folly!

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